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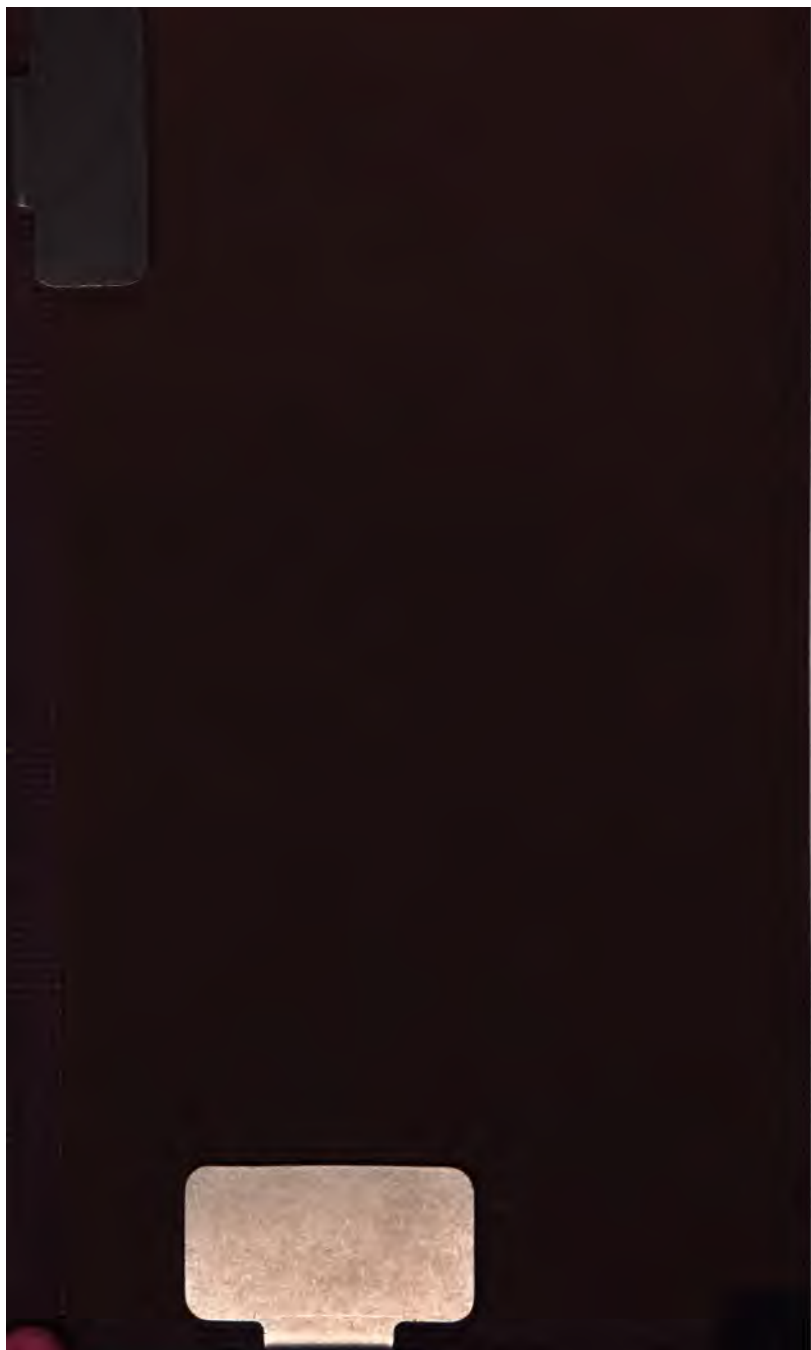
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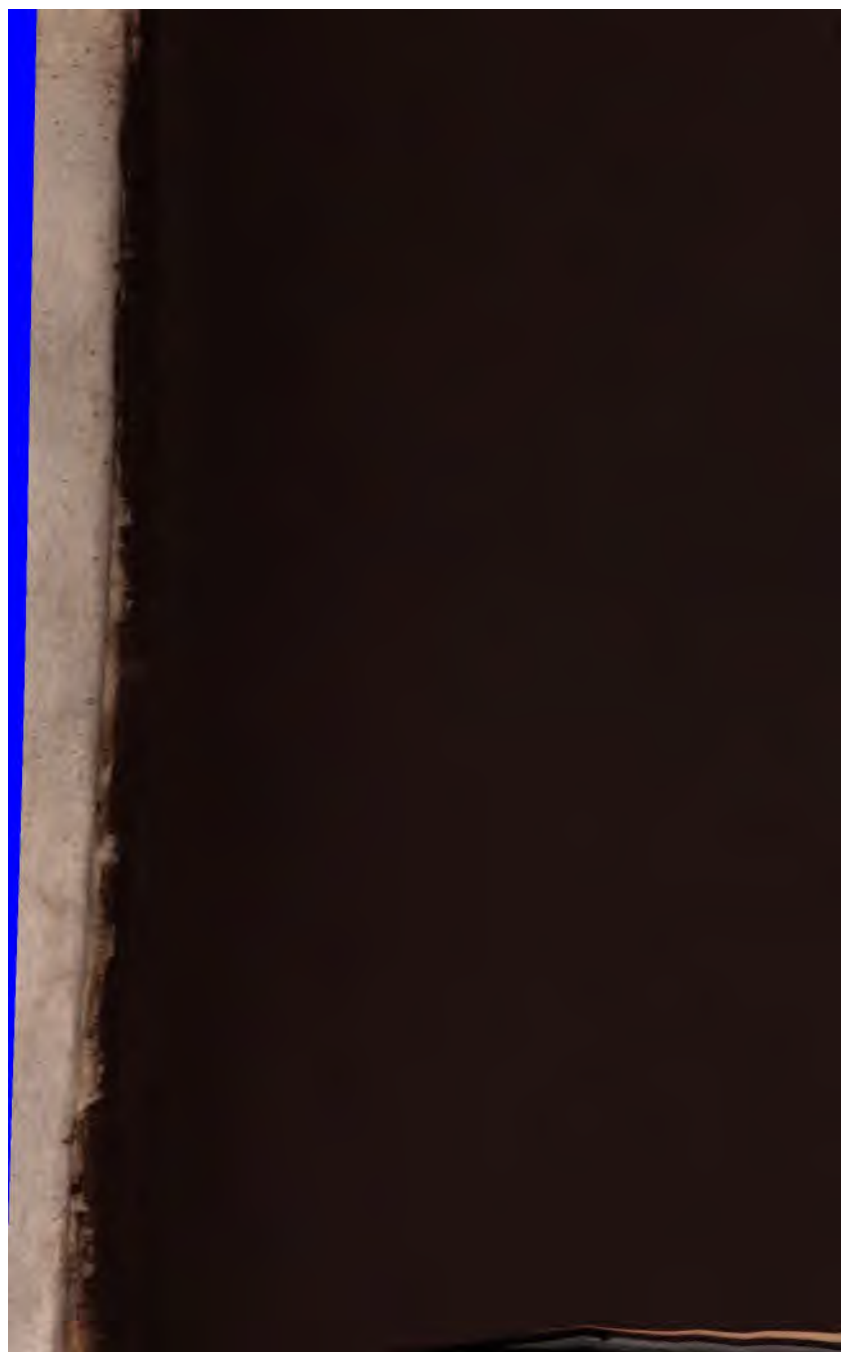
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Select and Original
Poems.





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£15



Poems Original and Selected.



C. Kirkham.

P O E M S

Selected and Original,

FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS.

BY E. W. COLEMAN,

AUTHOR OF "HINTS ON EDUCATION."

FORD, PRINTER, 2, KING STREET, DERBY.

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CONTENTS.

	Page
Thoughts of Youth	1
Son, Give me thine Heart	1
Youthful Pilgrims	2
God is Everywhere	3
On Early Prayer	3
God Hears the Prayers of Children	4
Divine Love	5
The Heavenly Rest	6
Christ our Hope	7
Our Refuge and Strength	7
Anticipations of Heaven	8
Man Formed to Praise God	9
All my Springs are in Thee	10
Growing in Grace	10
Thou Hidden Love of God	11
Faint, Yet Pursuing	12
If the Cross be Thy Anchor	12
The Family	13
Morning, Noon and Night	14
Faith Worketh by Love	16
The Labourer's Noonday Hymn	17
Pray Without Ceasing	18
Look Aloft	19
The Life Gauge	19
The Warning Voice	20
The Alpine Cross	20
The Law of Love	21
Evening Thoughts	22
Autumn Thoughts	23
To a Depressed Friend	24
The Uncertainty of Earthly Things	24
On the Departure of a Friend	25
Night	25
Sabbath Morning Thoughts	26
Consider the Lilies	28
Mercy	28
Do Right and Fear Not	29
Press Forward	29
Thou God Seest Me	30
Passing Away	31
Work from the Soul	32
Remember	33
Consolation for All	34
The Cross of Calvary	35
The Love of God the End of Life	36
The Evening Hymn	36

	Page
Heavenward	37
The Barren Fig Tree	38
One Gentle Word	38
Home Sweet Home	39
The Two Brothers	39
The Soul that Loves God Finds Him Everywhere	40
Trifles	41
The Fisherman's Cottage	42
True Wisdom	43
By The Sea	44
Samuel	45
A Lesson from the Autumn Foliage	46
Relics	47
Father and Son	48
The Lily and the Rose	50
The Wicket Gate	51
The Summer Time	52
The Summer	53
Flowers	54
Evil Passions	55
The Moss Rose	55
Charlie and the Robin's Song	56
The Bridge	57
Reassuring Prospect	59
The Last Day of the Year	60
The Dove	61
To Master Mitchell	62
At the Last	63
The Heath Flower	64
The Dew Drop and the Stream	66
A Happy Life	67
Never Give Up	67
Past and Present	68
For a Birthday	69
Those Evening Bells	70
The Sunshine	70
The Storm	71
For Patience	72
The Fisher Boy	73
The Crocus's Song	74
Come Again Sweet Birds of Summer	75
The Setting Sun	76
The Bee and the Flower	76
To a Lady on her Birthday	77
Welcome Christmas	79
The Wood-Mouse	80
The Troubadour and his Swallow	81
Departure of the Swallows	82
The Shadows	82

	Page
The Welcome of Spring	83
Saturday Night	84
The Lighthouse.. ..	85
The Ants	85
The Boy and the Butterflies.. ..	86
The Wild Rose and the Cornfield	87
Sunday Evening	89
The Dwelling Place of God	91
The Bee, the Lily of the Valley, and the Tulip	92
Two Little Birds	94
Kirkstall Abbey Re-visited	94
Jack Frost	96
The Evening Hour	98
The Power of God	98
The Rainbow	99
The Beacon	101
God Visible in His Works	102
Upon Life	103
The Grave of a Christian	104
Stanzas Written at Midnight	105
The Wind in a Frolick	106
The Hare Hunt	108

PREFACE.



This little Volume of Original and Selected Poems is an attempt to supply a want often felt by persons engaged in educational pursuits, viz., a manual of verses of an unexceptional moral tendency, suitable for recitation by boys or girls of twelve or thirteen years of age.

The selected pieces, the compiler hopes will speak for themselves ; for the others composed in the rare leisure moments of a laborious life, he must request the kind consideration of all persons engaged in the work of education.

Mackworth, near Derby,

March, 1870.



COLEMAN'S POEMS.

THOUGHTS OF YOUTH.

In the days that are faded,
 I dreamt not that years
 Would change all their brightness
 To darkness and tears ;
 But the leaf that is greenest
 Will fade on the bough ;
 And the days of my childhood,
 Oh ! where are they now ?
 As the lute that is given
 To gladness alone,
 May waken a sigh,
 By some memoried tone ;
 So the hopes of my childhood
 All bright though they be,
 As memory recalls them,
 Brings sadness to me.

SON, GIVE ME THINE HEART.

Give thy young heart to Christ my child,
 For he is lowly, kind and mild,
 Give thy young heart to Christ who came
 To bear thy sorrow, sin and shame.
 Give thy young heart to Christ who died,
 Thy peace and pardon to provide ;
 Give thy young heart to Christ above,
 Who pleads for those he deigns to love.
 Give thy young heart to Christ alone,
 And let not sin usurp his throne ;
 Give thy young heart to Christ this day,
 Nor lose his blessing by delay.
 Lord take this sinful heart of mine,
 Cleanse it and make it wholly thine ;
 Mould it in all its powers afresh,
 And turn the heart of stone to flesh.

YOUTHFUL PILGRIMS.

Like mist on the mountain,
 Like ships on the sea,
 So swiftly the years
 Of our pilgrimage flee.
 In the graves of our fathers
 How soon we shall be,
 Dear children to day
 To the Saviour fly.

How sweet are the flow'rets
 In April and May,
 Yet often the frost makes
 Them wither away.
 Like flowers you may fade,
 Are you ready to die?
 While yet there is room
 To the Saviour fly.

When Samuel was young
 And first knew the Lord,
 He slept in his smile,
 And rejoiced in his word.
 So most of God's children
 Are early brought nigh;
 Oh! seek him in youth—
 To the Saviour fly.

Do you ask me for pleasure?
 Then lean on his breast,
 For there the sin-laden
 And weary find rest;
 In the valley of death
 You will triumphing say,
 If this be called dying
 'Tis pleasant to die.

GOD IS EVERYWHERE.

It was my heavenly Father's love
 Brought every being forth ;
 He made the shining worlds above,
 And everything on earth.

Each lovely flower, the smallest fly,
 The seas, the waterfall,
 The bright green leaves, the clear blue sky,
 'Tis God that made them all.

He gave me all my friends and taught
 My heart to love them well,
 He gave to me the powers of thought,
 And speech, my thoughts to tell.

God sees and hears me all the day,
 And in the darkest night ;
 He views me when I disobey,
 And when I act aright.

He guards me with a parent's care
 When I am all alone ;
 My hymns of praise, my humble prayer,
 He hears them every one.

ON EARLY PRAYER.

My little boy thy voice is sweet
 As sounds of Angels' harps to me,
 When I thy silvery murmurs greet,
 And see thee on thy bended knee ;
 I love to see thy folded hands
 And fondly mark thine earnest eye,
 I'm drawn to thee in tenderest bands,
 While praise at once ascends on high.

My little boy this world abounds
 In many a stratagem and snare,
 Danger our every path surrounds,
 Nor e'en the tenderest age will spare ;

Then pray my child to God above,
 That every shaft may miss its aim ;
 His heart a father's heart of love,
 Your cry will not be put to shame.

My little boy as years march on,
 And childhood ripens into man,
 And friends and parents may be gone,
 You'll have to struggle while you can ;
 For life's a fight, a conflict sore,
 A battle stern throughout the way ;
 Courage you'll need yet more and more,
 Then pray my child, yes ever pray.

My little boy we soon may part,
 The silver chain be severed wide,
 I long to dwell within your heart
 Whatever lot may you betide ;
 Though thousand miles may be between,
 God's hand shall keep you day by day,
 His eye on you shall rest unseen,
 Because to him you early pray.

My little boy my journey here.
 With all its toils and fears and woe,
 And mercies too how rich and dear
 Is hastening to its certain close ;
 I want to meet you in the sky
 When left behind this form of clay ;
 And taste the bliss that cannot die,
 Then pray my child, yes ever pray.

GOD HEARS THE PRAYERS OF CHILDREN.

The Lord attends when children pray,
 A whisper he can hear,
 He knows not only what we say,
 But what we wish to fear.

He views us with a father's love,
 And bids us seek his face ;
 He sends kind answers from above
 When children seek his face.

'Tis not enough to bend the knee
 And words of prayer to say,
 The heart must with the lips agree,
 Or else we do not pray.

Teach us O Lord to pray aright,
 Thy grace to us impart ;
 That we in prayers may take delight
 And serve thee with the heart.

God hears what I am saying now,
 Oh what a wondrous thought !
 My heavenly Father teach me how
 To love thee as I ought.

DIVINE LOVE.

What lead the Son of God
 To leave his throne on high,
 To shed his precious blood,
 To suffer and to die ?
 His pure and boundless love to us,
 Led him to die, and suffer thus.

What moves him to impart
 His spirit from above,
 Thereby to fill our heart
 With heavenly peace and love ?
 His pure and boundless love to us,
 Moves him to give his spirit thus.

Why are we taught to pray
 And read his word of truth,
 To keep his holy day,
 And serve him in our youth ?
 His pure and boundless love to us,
 Has raised up friends to teach us thus.

The warmest thanks we owe
 To thee, O God of grace,
 Our heart should ever flow
 In grateful love and praise ;
 Lead us, O Lord, to praise thee thus
 For thine amazing love to us.

THE HEAVENLY REST.

There is an hour of peaceful rest,
 To mourning wanderers given ;
 There is a tear for souls distressed,
 A balm for every wounded breast,
 'Tis found above in Heaven !

There is a soft, a downy bed,
 'Tis sweet as breath of even :
 A couch for weary mortals spread,
 Where they may rest the aching head,
 And find repose in Heaven !

There is a home for weary souls,
 By sin and sorrow driven,
 When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
 Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
 And all is drear but Heaven.

There faith lifts up the tearful eye,
 The heart with anguish riven,
 And views the tempest passing by,
 The evening shadows quickly fly,
 And all serene in Heaven !

There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
 And joys supreme are given ;
 There rays divine disperse the gloom ;
 Beyond the confines of the tomb
 Appears the dawn of Heaven.

CHRIST OUR HOPE.

When the nations toss and roar
Like the billows on the shore ;
When their chains the people break,
Leaders tremble, monarchs quake,
'Mid the roaring of the sea,
Christ, our hope is all in thee.

When the nations are at peace,
And the sounds of conflict cease,
When each port is choked with wares,
And each field its harvest bears ;
'Mid the world's prosperity,
Christ, our hope is all in thee.

While the ages, one by one,
Roll beneath the rolling sun,
No one happier than before,
No one wiser than of yore ;
While the powers of death and life
Wage on earth a weary strife ;
Till the coming dawn we see,
Christ, our hope is all in thee.

OUR REFUGE AND STRENGTH.

He who the rule to God hath yielded,
And evermore on him relies,
Will be in wondrous manner shielded
In straits and all adversities ;
Who in the Highest makes his stand.
Builds not his hope upon the land.

What are our heavy cares availing ?
Why should we sigh our years away ?
What profit is there in bewailing
Our lot with each returning day ?
Such sorrow lends a string to care,
And gives a heavier cross to bear.

Rest thou in God amid all changes,
 Be pleased with all he may ordain—
 Wait patient till what he arranges
 For thy best welfare shall be plain ;
 God, who hath chosen us as his
 Knows best what our true welfare is.

He knows, if need be, how to measure
 The hours of sunshine as of shade ;
 And when we wait on his good pleasure,
 With heart sincere and spirit stayed,
 He comes more quickly than we know,
 And makes our cup to overflow.

ANTICIPATIONS OF HEAVEN.

I see within a temple bright
 The shining ones appear,
 In sparkling robes of living light,
 And crystal raiment clear ;
 And some upon the threshold stand,
 With looks of love and outstretched hand.

They seem as when on earth awhile
 Except their shining dress,
 And then they wear a beaming smile
 Of heavenly tenderness.
 Their love lit eyes are plain to view,
 Their eager hands are stretched to you.

As yet you may not wing your way
 To that eternal zone ;
 Your trials are not yet complete,
 Your duties are not done ;
 Perform your Saviour's kind commands,
 Lie patient in his holy hands.

Wait but awhile, and thou shalt soar
 To that celestial crowd,
 With songs in your Redeemer's praise
 And hallelujahs loud ;
 And meet where sorrows never pain,
 With Christ, and with his saints to reign.

MAN FORMED TO PRAISE GOD.

Sun, moon and stars, by day and night,
 At God's commandment give us light;
 And when we wake and while we sleep
 Their watch like guardian angels keep.

The bright blue sky above our heads,
 The soft green earth on which we tread,
 The ocean rolling round the land,
 Were made by God's almighty hand.

Sweet flowers that hill and dale adorn,
 The fruit trees, fields of grass and corn,
 The clouds that rise, the showers that fall,
 The winds that blow, God made them all.

The beast that graze with downward eye,
 The birds that perch and sing and fly,
 The fishes swimming in the sea,
 God's creatures are as well as we.

But us he formed for better things,
 As servants of the King of Kings,
 With lifted hands and open face,
 And thankful hearts to seek his face.

Thus God loved man, and more than thus,
 He sent his Son to die for us;
 And now invites us when we die,
 To come and live with him on high.

But we must live to him below,
 For none but such to Heaven will go;
 Lord Jesus hear our humble prayer
 And lead the little children there.

ALL MY SPRINGS ARE IN THEE.

When anguish tears my wounded heart
 As from loved friends I'm called to part ;
 When I must watch the glazing eye,
 The last sad pangs of agony ;
 When all around is dark and drear,
 Then O my Saviour be thou near ;
 Thy hand, thy footsteps may I see,
 And feel my springs are all in Thee.

When sinks my soul with fear and dread,
 As sorrow's waves dash o'er my head ;
 When with sail torn and rudder lost,
 On life's dark sea I'm tempest tossed ;
 Then Lord my pilot and my guide,
 Steer my frail vessel through the tide,
 That I once more my Lord may see,
 And feel my springs are all in Thee.

And at the last dread hour of strife,
 When worn out with the march of life,
 When my glad spirit soars away,
 Freed from her prison house of clay,
 Then Jesus then be thou my might,
 Waft me to realms of heavenly light ;
 There, there, for ever would I be,
 And know my springs are all in Thee.

GROWING IN GRACE.

This did not once so trouble me,
 That better I could not love Thee ;
 But now I feel and know,
 That only when we love we find
 How far our hearts remain behind
 The love they should bestow.

While we had little care to call
 On Thee, and scarcely prayed at all,
 We seemed enough to pray ;
 But now we only think with shame
 How seldom to thy glorious name
 Our lips their offerings pay.

And when we gave yet slighter heed
 Unto our brother's sufferings need,
 Our heart reproached us then
 Not half so much as now, that we
 With such a careless eye can see
 The woes and wants of men.

In doing is this knowledge won,
 To see what yet remains undone ;
 With this our pride repress,
 And give us grace, a growing store,
 That day by day we may do more
 And may esteem it less.

THOU HIDDEN LOVE OF GOD.

Thou hidden love of God, whose height,
 Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows ;
 I see from far thy beauteous light,
 And inly sigh for thy repose ;
 My heart is pained, nor can it be
 At rest, till it find rest in thee.

Is there a thing beneath the sun
 That strives with thee, my heart to share ?
 Ah ! tear it thence, and reign alone
 The Lord of every motion there ;
 Then shall my heart from earth be free,
 When it has found repose in thee.

O crucify this self, that I,
 No more, but Christ in me may live !
 Bid all my vile affections die,
 Nor let my hateful lust survive,
 In all things, nothing may I see,
 Nothing desire, or seek, but thee.

FAINT, YET PURSUING.

Faint, yet pursuing on they pressed,
 That chosen band, nor thought of rest,
 Till their appointed work was done,
 And Israel's crowning victory won.

Faint yet pursuing ! let the sign,
 "A soldier of the cross"—be thine ;
 Grave the good legend on thy shield,
 And bear it through the battle field.

Faint thou mayst be, thy foes are strong,
 Thy strength is small, thy warfare long ;
 Yet, in thy faintness fearless be,
 For Christ hath won the fight for thee.

He bids thee follow where he leads,
 He gives thee strength for holy deeds ;
 Then fight, his hand directs the blow,
 Pursue, his presence daunts the foe.

IF THE CROSS BE THY ANCHOR.

If the cross be thy anchor, thy pilot must be
 That Saviour that walked on the turbulent sea,
 Who reproved and controll'd the proud waves at his
 will,
 And spoke peace to the tempest and bade it be still.

If the cross be thy anchor, no harm can be hurl'd
 On thy head when the whirlwind is vexing the
 world,
 Innoxious, the flash shall disfigure the sky,
 And the red bolt of ruin pass harmlessly by.

If the cross be thy anchor, by sceptics abhorr'd,
 And thy cable the ne'er failing word of the Lord,
 Thy voyage is safe, and thy haven secure,
 And for time, and eternity thou shalt endure.

If the cross be thy Anchor, then blest is thy lot,
 For the crash of creation shall injure thee not ;
 With the trump that shall wake the wide world with
 alarm,
 Thy Saviour will hasten thee home to his arms.

THE FAMILY.

There is a wondrous family,
 That's scattered far and near,
 All travelling to eternity,
 But never gathered here ;
 There's many a loving brother,
 And sisters dear we know,
 Who shall never see each other,
 Nor ever meet below.

They have all one mighty Father,
 Who is for ever near,
 But they only feel his presence,
 And never see him here ;
 They have all an elder Brother,
 Who saved them every one,
 But they shall not see his beauty
 Until their journey's done.

They have all one home, far distant,
 On which their hopes are set ;
 But they do not know its glories,
 Nor never dream them yet ;
 When within its blessed portals
 This scattered household meet,
 How great will be the jubilee,
 The fellowship how sweet.

Then if homewards I am hasting,
 I need not shed a tear,
 Though I meet few kindly faces,
 Or friendly greetings here,
 All more dear will be the welcome
 When entrance there I gain ;
 All the sweeter to be sharing
 Love's pure and perfect reign.

MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT.

Father to thee my voice I raise,
 In humble prayer and cheerful praise ;
 To thee my life in worship give ;
 For only while I pray I live.

Breathe but in me thy spirit's grace,
 And I shall ever seek thy face ;
 My little life on earth will be
 One constant looking up to thee.

When from my bed each morn I rise,
 To thee will I lift up my eyes,
 And thank thee for the blissful light,
 And all the mercies of the night.

Hadst thou been strict my sins to mark,
 Thy hand had reach'd me in the dark ;
 Resumed the rebel's forfeit breath,
 And I had slept the sleep of death ;

Or grief had marr'd my sweet repose,
 Or my malicious, ghostly foes,
 Released at length from thy control—
 Had storm'd my long beleagured soul.

Give me this day my daily bread,
 Expose the snares around me spread
 Leave not my soul thy wrath to dare,
 Nor try me more than I can bear.

Show me the way I ought to go,
 Thy will in all things make me know,
 And help me lovingly to win
 The wanderers from the ways of sin.

Each noontide, when awhile I rest,
 With labour tired, with care oppress'd,
 To thee I will address my prayer
 For strength to toil, and grace to bear.

Stretch forth thy guiding, strength'ning hand,
 By thee I walk, by thee I stand ;
 Thickly the mid-day arrows fly,
 Be thou my shelter, or I die.

Submissively thy grace I ask,
 To prosper my appointed task ;
 Except thy power the increase give,
 No word or work of man shall live.

Unless the heavens enrich the soil,
 Vain is the anxious ploughman's toil ;
 And if I fail thy smile to gain,
 I spend my little strength in vain.

When eve succeeds the dying day,
 Still will I praise, still will I pray ;
 O ! yet to me in pity turn,
 Nor from thy awful presence spurn !

Unworthy am I gracious Lord,
 But hear thy own incarnate word ;
 "His precious blood atoned for me,
 "His precious blood is all my plea."

What evil actions I have wrought,
 What low devices I have thought,
 What idle words have left my tongue,
 My base desires, my passions strong ;

My wandering, wild, unconquer'd will ;
 My service marr'd by motives ill ;
 My duties negligently done ;
 Father forgive them, for thy Son \

When pillow'd soft and curtain'd round,
 I lie in soothing slumbers drown'd,
 Protect my helplessness in sleep ;
 From deaths, which walk in darkness, keep.
 Guard thou the bed thy love has given,
 Send happy dreams of thee and heaven,
 And let my soul commune once more
 With loved ones who have gone before.
 My drooping mind and aching flesh
 With manly strength inspire afresh ;
 And waking let me serve thee still,
 From thee the power, from thee the will.
 Or if before another day
 My struggling soul must quit its clay ;
 Let angels watch a sinner's end,
 And bear me to the sinner's Friend.
 Thus Lord, to thee my life I give,
 For only while I pray I live ;
 Till death shall set my spirit free,
 To dwell eternally with thee.

FAITH WORKETH BY LOVE.

O mourn not that the days are gone,
 The old and wondrous days
 When faith's unearthly glory shone
 Along our earthly ways ;
 When the Apostle's gentlest touch
 Wrought like a sacred spell,
 And health came down on every couch
 On which his shadow fell,
 That glory is not wholly fled
 That shone so bright before,
 Nor is the ancient virtue dead,
 Though thus it works no more ;
 Still Godlike power and goodness dwells,
 And blessings round it move,
 And faith still works its miracles,
 Though now it works by love.

It may not on the crowded ways
 Lift up its voice as then,
 But still with sacred might it sways
 The stormy minds of men ;
 Grace still is given to make the faint
 Grow stronger through distress,
 And even the shadow of the saint
 Retains its power to bless.

THE LABOURER'S NOON-DAY HYMN.

Up to the throne of God is borne
 The voice of praise at early morn,
 And he accepts the punctual hymn,
 Sung as the light of day grows dim.
 Nor will he turn his ear aside
 From holy offerings at noontide ;
 Then here reposing let us raise
 A song of gratitude and praise.
 Blest are the moments, doubly blest,
 That drawn from this our hour of rest,
 Are with a ready heart bestowed
 Upon the service of our God.
 Why should we crave a hallowed spot,
 An altar is in each man's cot,
 A church in every grove that spreads
 Its living roof above our heads.
 Look up to heaven ! the industrious sun
 Already half his race has run ;
 He cannot halt, nor go astray,
 But our immortal spirits may.
 Lord since his rising in the east,
 If we have faltered or transgressed,
 Guide from thy love's abundant source
 What yet remains of this day's course,
 Help with thy grace through life's short day
 Our upward and our downward way,
 And glorify for us the west,
 When we shall sink to final rest.

PRAY WITHOUT CEASING.

Go when the morning shineth,
 Go when the moon is bright,
 Go when the eve declineth,
 Go in the hush of night,
 Go with pure minds and feeling.
 Put earthly thoughts away,
 And in thy chamber kneeling
 Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee,
 All who are loved by thee,
 Pray too for those who hate thee
 If any such there be ;
 Then for thyself in meekness
 A blessing humbly claim,
 And link with each petition,
 The great Redeemer's name.

But if 'tis here denied thee
 In solitude to pray,
 Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
 When friends are round thy way ;
 E'en then the silent breathing
 Of the spirit raised above,
 Will reach his throne of glory,
 Who is mercy, truth and love.

There's not a joy or blessing
 With this we can compare,
 The power that he has given
 To pour our souls in prayer.
 Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness
 Before his footstool fall,
 And remember in thy gladness,
 His love who gave thee all.

LOOK ALOFT.

In the tempest of life, when the waves and the gale
Are around and above, if thy footsteps should fail,
If thine eye should grow dim and thy caution depart,
Look aloft and be firm, and be fearless of heart:

If thy friend, who embraced in prosperity's glow,
With a smile for each joy and a tear for each woe,
Should betray thee when sorrows like clouds are
arrayed,

Look aloft to the friendship which never shall fade.

Should the visions which hope spreads in light to
thine eye,

Like the tints of the rainbow, but brighten to fly,
Then turn and through tears of repentent regret,
Look aloft to the sun that is never to set.

Should they who are dearest, the son of thy heart,
The wife of thy bosom, in sorrow depart,
Look aloft from the darkness and dust of the tomb,
To that soil where affection is ever to bloom.

And Oh! when death comes in his terrors to cast
His fears on the future, his pall on the past,
In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart,
And a smile in thine eyes, look aloft and depart.

THE LIFE GAUGE.

They err who measure life by years,
With false or thoughtless tongue;
Some hearts grow old before their time,
Others are always young.

'Tis not the number of the lines
On life's fast filling page,
'Tis not the pulse's added throbs
Which constitute their age.

Some souls are serfs among the free,
 While others nobly thrive;
 They stand just where their father's stood,
 Dead, even while they live!

Others all spirit, heart and sense,
 Theirs the mysterious power
 To live in thrills of joy or woe,
 A twelvemonth in an hour!

Seize then the moments as they pass,
 The woof of life is thought!
 Warm up the colours, let them glow
 With fire or fancy fraught.

Live to some purpose, make thy life
 A gift of use to thee!
 A joy, a good, a golden hope,
 A heavenly argosy!

THE WARNING VOICE.

In every stage of life is given
 A warning voice, it comes from heaven,
 In childhood's hour it breathes around,
 The fairest flowers are faded found;
 In youth it whispers as a friend—
 Reflect upon thy latter end;

In manhood louder swells the cry—
 Remember thou art born to die;
 In age it thunders on the blast—
 Oh man! thy earthly years are past;
 In joy and grief, in ease and care,
 In ever stage, prepare, prepare!

THE ALPINE CROSS.

Benighted once were alpine storms,
 Have buried hosts of martial forms,
 Halting with fear, benumbed with cold,
 While swift the avalanches rolled
 Shouted our guide with quivering breath—
 The path is lost! to move is death.

The savage snow cliffs seemed to frown,
 The howling winds came fiercer down ;
 Shrouded in such a dismal scene,
 No mortal aid whereon to lean ;
 Think you what 'music' 'twas to hear—
 I see the Cross ! our way is clear !

We looked, and there, amid the snows,
 A simple cross of wood uprose ;
 Firm in the tempest's awful wrath
 It stood to guide the traveller's path,
 And point to where the valley lies
 Serene beneath the summer's skies.

One dear companion of that night,
 Has passed away from mortal sight ;
 He reached his home to droop and fade,
 And sleep within his native glade ;
 But as his fluttering hand I took,
 Before he gave his farewell look,
 He whispered from his bed of pain—
 The alpine cross ! I see again !
 Then, smiling, sank to endless rest
 Upon his weeping mother's breast.

THE LAW OF LOVE.

Reader, whosoe'r thou art,
 What God has given, that impart ;
 Hide it not within the ground,
 Send the cup of blessing round.

Has thou power ? the weak defend ;
 Light ? give light, thy knowledge lend ;
 Rich ? remember him who gave ;
 Free ? be brother to the slave.

Called a blessing to inherit,
 Bless, and richer blessings merit ;
 Give, and more shall yet be given ;
 Love and serve, and look for heaven.

EVENING THOUGHTS.

Soon as the shades of evening close,
 Welcoming mortals to repose ;
 And glittering stars, like angels' eyes,
 With majic beauty fill the skies,
 Till all that's bright and all that's fair,
 To loving hearts seemed centered there ;
 Then let sweet music's thrilling power
 And the soft stillness of the hour,
 Fill heaven with all its glorious light,
 Descend upon our raptured sight,
 And peace, and hope, and joy and rest,
 Steal gently o'er the troubled breast.

Alas ! 'tis but a transient feeling
 Over the ruffled spirit stealing !
 The eyes may close in peace at night,
 But cares return with morning light ;
 And stamped upon man's noble brow,
 The marks of grief are lingering now ;
 There was a time e're sin's chill blight
 When joy unchequered and serene,
 Without a cloud to mar the scene,
 Filled Eden's bowers with hues so fair
 That heaven itself seemed imaged there.

And still at times, sweet thoughts will rise,
 Which take their source from paradise ;
 And hopes and joys, and tender fears,
 And grief's sweet balm—the bliss of tears ;
 And glimpses of that happier shower
 Where the world's sorrows vex no more,
 And thus the spirit upward springs,
 As if it only needed wings
 To fly away and be at rest,
 In some lone island of the blest.

AUTUMN THOUGHTS.

The seared leaves that now are spread,
Upon the ground on which we tread,
Stamps the mind with solemn awe,
Of nature's never varying law.

They shew how frail a thing is man,
That life is but a little span ;
They point the mind to final rest,
A heavenly home with all the blest.

May then these emblems Lord of thine,
Affections round our hearts entwine ;
Our lives the purer then will be
Subdued and passive Lord to thee.

Impress our thoughts with things divine,
Renew our hearts and make them thine,
That when our labour here shall cease,
Our souls may find eternal peace.

Oh may our hearts then soften'd be,
And sweetly turned with love to thee ;
Our every thought be raised above,
And tempers gentle as the dove.

The rustling leaves, the murmuring stream,
Awake our thoughts as a dream ;
With music like a vesper hymn,
That leaves no room for care or sin.

Oh fading dream ! a vision fled,
And transient as the leaves we tread.
Ye shew that nothing here below
Can soothe the heart oppressed by woe.

Impart unto thy servants Lord,
A yearning for thy sacred word ;
Let thy free grace be all our stay,
O lead us in thy heavenly way.

Cause us more gratitude to shew,
And to thy will divinely bow ;
Thy saving grace to us impart,
To cleanse and purify the heart.

Nought here below can give us rest,
 Or soothe the troubled aching breast,
 But that bright world where angels reign,
 Know not of strife, nor yet of pain.

Then may our hearts expand to thee,
 With faith look up until we see
 That happy shore where all the blest,
 With thee shall find eternal rest.

TO A DEPRESSED FRIEND.

Let God be thy refuge
 Whate'er be thy lot,
 The world may change round thee,
 But he changes not.

There's a flower in the meadow,
 There is fruit on the tree,
 And a bright beam of sunshine,
 Still waiting for thee.

THE UNCERTAINTY OF EARTHLY THINGS.

The world and all its scenes will fade,
 Where should our treasures then be laid,
 Not in this world where care and pain,
 And anguish long protracted reign.

Then let our souls to thee aspire,
 Our thoughts be fixed on something higher;
 That passing through a world of care,
 The joys of heaven we then may share.

Let then our highest earthly aim,
 Be still to love and fear thy name;
 That thus through life our souls may be
 Prepared to reign O Lord with thee.

Our feeble frames must e're long cease,
 O grant us Lord that blessed peace,
 That passing from a world of strife,
 We then may hail the newborn life.

No more the spirit droops, with care,
 No more the heavy cross we bear ;
 As gathered in thy heavenly fold,
 We share the bliss of joys untold.

Hail joyous morn to these whose lives,
 A pattern of thine own survives,
 Their day of grace has come at last,
 They hail with joy the trumpet's blast.

ON THE DEPARTURE OF A FRIEND.

Conqueror of death. incarnate God,
 Oh ! teach thy servants now,
 Submissively to kiss thy rod
 And own that it is thou.

Through this most agonising hour,
 May we thy comforts prove,
 As thou art with us in thy power,
 Be with us in thy love.

We weep, but they are gentle tears,
 We weep, but not for pain,
 We would not add unto thy years,
 Or call thee back again.

Farewell, farewell, for us no more
 Thy voice with ours may blend,
 We know it is but gone before,
 Where praises never end.

And may our souls attuned like thine,
 Thy song in heaven soon share,
 And ransomed by our Saviour join
 One hallelujah there.

NIGHT.

The quiet of the night again returns,
 The body rests, the soul it yearns.
 O bright abode ; O glorious day,
 When tears shall all be wiped away.

Night's soothing power enchains my breast,
 And cares do not disturb my rest ;
 Yet all my secret thoughts are known,
 And laid before Jehovah's throne.

The silent night doth peace restore,
 And spirits crave it more and more,
 Unfolding all the joys that waits,
 Poor sinners at thy mercy's gates.

All now is hushed in silent gloom—
 Apt emblem of the silent tomb,
 While wrapt in meditations lay,
 To happier scenes I waft my way.

Come night ! and cast thy mantle o'er
 The weary in their trying hour,
 Come guardian angels watch and keep
 Their souls from harm, nor bid them weep.

My spirit longs to take its rest,
 To those bright chambers of the blest,
 Where our sweet spirit soon shall be,
 Released from care to dwell with thee.

Farewell thou gloomy mystic night,
 Heaven now is opening to my sight ;
 There all is sunshine, all is love,
 'Tis God himself who dwells above.

SABBATH MORNING THOUGHTS.

There's harmony in tree and bush,
 And fragrance fills the air ;
 There's pretty flowers to please the sight,
 And love beams everywhere.

Against the bright and azure sky,
 The fleecy clouds all rest,
 They do not seem to rise or fall,
 While Sol beams on their breast ;
 But soon they'll come and kiss the earth,
 In gentle rain and dew,
 And sit as diamonds on the flowers,
 And rivulets renew.

There, bobbins and the wheels are still ;
 The hands are all at home ;
 The water-wheel that turns the mill,
 Wakes not the Derwent's foam ;
 But silv'ry sounds are soothing it,
 And lulling it to rest,
 In joyous peals from old church towers—
 Borne sweetly o'er its breast.

The hammers too are weary grown,
 Are sick of noise and din,
 And iron rivets lie about,
 And all is still within ;
 The workmen tread the grassy lanes
 To breathe a purer air ;
 And perchance some on bended knees,
 Are now engaged in prayer.

The tiny herald of the morn,
 Is at his matins high,
 And his song of joy grows sweeter,
 As he ascends the sky.
 The blackbird too is carolling
 The hymn he loves so well,
 And breathing forth the sweetest sounds
 Of any in the dell.

The lowly daisies look to heaven,
 And seem to wish them there ;
 The yellow cowslips bend their heads,
 As though they were in prayer ;
 And buttercups, with golden bowls,
 To catch the heavenly dew,
 Seem wishful as the daisies white,
 To go to heaven too.

Here heavenly forms and heavenly sounds
 Delight the eyes and ears,
 And lessons come from earth and skies
 To teach us dry our tears.
 There's harmony from tree and bush,
 And fragrance fills the air,
 There's pretty flowers to please the sight,
 And love beams everywhere.

CONSIDER THE LILIES.

Consider how the lilies grow,
The radiance of their bloom
No artist's skill has dressed them so,
No texture from the loom.

The fragrance that their petals yield
Is fed from vernal showers ;
The purest gems in all the field
Are nature's modest flowers !

The robes of Solomon the great,
With dyes from Tyrian seas,
Ne'er shone on Israel's days of state,
So bright as one of these !

If plants so frail God's wisdom prove,
That blossom for a day,
Where is your faith—to doubt his love ?
Are you not more than they ?

If grass that withers, flowers that fade,
Almighty goodness share,
Shall man in God's own image made,
Not feel the Father's care ?

Consider how the lilies grow,
That neither toil nor spin ;
Then let your hearts all doubts forego,
And faith, her reign begin !

MERCY.

How oft amid the murky shroud
The sunbeam wins its way,
And breaking from the thunder cloud,
Proclaims a goodly day ;
How often, too with waving wings,
When judgment seems to roll,
Mercy flies kindly forth, and flings
Her sunbeams on the soul !

DO RIGHT AND FEAR NOT.

Do right friend and fear not,
Continue thy way,
Though trials surround thee,
 'Twill prove thee a stay ;
 'Twill yield thee a pleasure
 That wrong cannot give,
 'Twill solace and cheer thee,
 But never aggrieve !

Do right friend and fear not
 Whatever befall,
His love sweet abounding,
 Encompasses all.
Oh ! trust in that providence
 Sweet from above,
To comfort and strengthen,
 Thy cares to remove !

Do right friend and fear not,
 Though night holdeth sway,
 'Twill pass, and the dawning
 Will hail the new day !
Then be not despairing,
 But ever the same,
In paths of sweet rectitude
 Earn the good name.

PRESS FORWARD.

My soul, press forward to the prize,
 Forgetful of the things behind ;
Though foes obstruct, though storms arise,
 Press on, thy perfect rest to find.

Could thou that better country see,
 That straight before thee lies afar,
Bright with that radiant purity,
 That breath of sin may never mar.

Could'st thou but hear that new made song,
 To brethren safe in glory known,
 And view the peerless forms that throng
 Around the rainbow circled throne ;
 Could'st thou but catch one glimpse of Him,
 Thy brother dear, thy faithful friend,
 Whose watchful eye no sleep can dim,
 Who loving, loves thee to the end.
 Or could'st thou comprehend that love
 Whose might not seraph's tongue can tell,
 High as the highest heavens above,
 Wide as the world—unsearchable.
 With giant strength thou would'st pursue,
 Through wind and storm, the heav'nward way ;
 And death himself, unblenching view,
 Grim warder of the realms of day.
 On in thy sacred warfare press,
 Though faint droop not for weariness ;
 Fight in the strength which He supplies ;
 Pursue, still looking to the prize.
 Soon shall thy warfare here be o'er,
 Thy foes be crushed to rise no more ;
 Soon thou shalt see thy Captain come,
 To lead his faithful soldiers home.
 Lay down the sword, take up the palm,
 Cease battle shout, raise victor's psalm ;
 For faintness drink heaven's cheering wine,
 For warfare enter rest divine.

THOU GOD SEEST ME.

Among the deepest shades of night,
 Can there be one who sees my way ?
 Yes ! God is like a shining light,
 That turns the darkness into day.
 When every eye around me sleeps,
 May I not sin without control ?
 No ! for a constant watch he keeps,
 On every thought of every soul.

If I could find some cave unknown,
 Where human feet have never trod,
 Yet there I could not be alone ;
 On every side there would be God.
 He smiles in heaven, he frowns in hell ;
 He fills the air, the earth, the sea ;
 I must within his presence dwell,
 I cannot from his anger flee.
 Yet I may flee, he shews me where,
 Tells me to Jesus Christ to fly ;
 And while he sees me weeping there,
 There's only mercy in his eye.

PASSING AWAY.

Passing away ! how sad the thought !
 From all of bright and fair below ;
 From songs of spring and summer flowers,
 And autumn sunset's radiant glow ;
 Never to gaze and muse again,
 By the blue ocean's sounding shore,
 To wander through the smiling vale,
 To climb the mountain heights no more.

Hush that deep sigh, O faithless heart !
 All thou hast known of fair or bright,
 Has shown with but a borrowed beam
 Reflected from celestial light.
 If under sin and sorrow's shade,
 Such beauty hath adorned thy way,
 What must remain to be revealed
 In the good land of perfect day ?

Passing away ! how sad the thought !
 From all that makes this heart rejoice ;
 The fellowship of kindred souls—
 The music of affection's voice.
 The look, the smile, the words of love,
 All the dear ties around me twined,
 All the sweet counsel fondly shared,—
 All these to lose, to leave behind !

Hush that deep sigh, O faithless heart !
 Who thinks, or says that love can die ?
 An exile here, and "stranger guest",
 Her native home is in the sky.
 If pilgrims through the stranger land
 Can find communion here so sweet,
 What shall the joy, the rapture be,
 When in their Father's house they meet ?

Passing away ! untrodden path,
 Mysterious journey, dark, unknown !
 The mortal shelter cast aside,
 The spirit going forth alone !
 From the strange prospect shrinking back
 I look and long for some kind hand,
 Some friendly voice, to cheer, to guide
 Through the deep water floods to land !

Where is thy faith O doubting heart ?
 Hath not thy Saviour gone before ?
 Down the dark valley, through the flood,
 The burden of thy guilt he bore,
 'Tis he who calls thee, fear not now,
 But at his summons onward move ;
 Praise him for mercies here below,
 Trust him for better things above.

WORK FROM THE SOUL.

Work bravely and heartily now
 In the light beams of glorious day,
 While the current of life in your veins
 Runs joyous, Oh work while ye may !
 For soon the dark night
 Will her clouds spread around ;
 Who would happy be found,
 Must work in the light.

Work heartily—not as a slave,
 But lay all your strength on the oar,
 And buffet the surf—till at length
 You arrive at the opposite shore.

The heart that loves toil
 Is buoyant and free
 As the waves of the sea
 When in tempest they boil.

The Father of all glances down
 On his Sons as they strive in the race ;
 Upon all, first and last, he bestows
 His looks of unspeakable grace.
 Go on then in faith,
 All that runs well must win ;
 To faint were a sin
 Or to leave the good path.

The souls of the dead look to see
 Their brothers who labour in fight,
 Well know they the battle of life ;
 Even now they rejoice in the sight,
 And the flash from their eyes
 Fills the soldier with fire ;
 He never can tire
 When such powers bid him rise.

Behold the bright crown of the brave
 How it glitters above in the sky !
 He fears not cold death or the grave,
 Who sets his affections on high.
 Should idleness lurk
 In the depths of your breast,
 Look up to the blest,
 See your crown—and then work.

REMEMBER.

Remember how short is the time
 Allotted to man upon earth :
 How quickly he passes his prime—
 But a span to the grave from his birth ;
 His days are in vanity passed.
 Just here, when, behold they are fled :
 And scarce with the living he's classed
 When his place is assigned with the dead.

Remember how short is my time,
 Oh thou that dost give it to me ;
 And teach me the wisdom, sublime,
 Of devoting it wholly to thee.
 For thee may each moment be spent—
 Thy service each talent employ—
 That I when my summons is sent
 May approach the tribunal with joy.

Remember how short is my time,
 But mighty the work I've to do !
 From error, pollution and crime,
 O Saviour my spirit renew ;
 Thus fit me thy work to fulfill—
 Whatever of service is given,
 And then when I've suffered thy will,
 I'll rest from my labour in heaven.

Remember how short is my time,
 The moments how quickly they fly ;
 O teach me affections to climb
 And daily, in spirit, to die.
 To die to the world and to sin,
 To earth with its turmoil and care,
 To look on the glorious unseen,
 And live as eternity's heir.

Remember how short is the time,
 While here but a stranger unknown—
 Allured by the ravishing chime
 Of the song that encompasses the throne,
 I'll haste to the region above,
 The abodes of the holy and blest—
 To join in their circles of love,
 And dwell in their mansions of rest.

CONSOLATION FOR ALL.

God to the contrite sinner sends
 A message from the best of friends :—
 Oh turn not doubtingly away,
 Christ may be yours—and yours to day.

We who from God's just law had swerved,
The punishment of death deserved ;
Our guilt he took, our death he bore,
To set us free for evermore.

Our chastisement on Christ was laid ;
Our utmost penalty he paid ;
Drank to the dregs the bitter cup,
And in our stead was offered up.

Lift up your heart ! this word is true—
Jesus has died instead of you !
In love the Father sent him down ;
His spirit makes that love our own.

Then choose to day the better part ;
Bring to the Lord a contrite heart ;
Heaven's gates fly open at the plea
"Jesus has died instead of me !"

THE CROSS OF CALVARY.

And did my Saviour, fill'd with love
And pity, leave the realms above ?
How great and sad my sins must be !
That he should die at Calvary !

Oh still may I, with grief and shame,
My dear Redeemer's love proclaim ;
And loudly praise his mercy free,
Who bow'd his head at Calvary.

When pondering on the pains he bore,
I love my Saviour more and more,
And bow my heart, and bend my knee
To him who died at Calvary.

To him with heart and tongue I raise,
My song of thankfulness and praise,
Who freely gave his life for me,
And bore my sins at Calvary.

THE LOVE OF GOD THE END OF LIFE.

Since life in sorrow must be spent,
So be it—I am well content,
And meekly wait my last remove,
Seeking only growth in love.

No bliss I seek, but to fulfill
In life, in death, thy lovely will ;
No succours in my woes I want,
Save what thou art pleased to grant.

Our days are number'd, let us spare
Our anxious hearts a needless care ;
'Tis thine to number out our days,
Ours to give them to thy praise.

Love is our only business here,
Love simple, constant, and sincere ;
O blessed days thy servants see,
Spent, O Lord, in pleasing thee.

No frowns of men can hurtful prove
To souls on fire with heavenly love ;
Though men and devils both condemn,
No gloomy days arise from them.

Ah, then, to this embrace repair ;
My soul, thou art no longer there ;
There love divine shall be thy guard,
And peace and safety thy reward.

THE EVENING HYMN.

In that sweet hour when we forget
The hap and hazard of life's way,
No hope deferred, nor sad regret
Joineth our circle, when we've met
In that sweet hour, the close of day.

Then in our haven, home, there broods
The dove of peacefulness o'er all ;
No storm from outer life intrudes
To vex us with its angry moods,
In the calm hour of evenfall.

For all the blessings of the light.
 Our praise, we trust, on high ascends,
 And praising for each hour aright,
 This may be dearest in His sight,
 This hallowed hour when daylight ends.

Love ! when thy skilful fingers glide
 So deftly o'er the rippling keys
 What charm doth draw me to thy side,
 But music, love, and eventide,
 When daylight dies above the trees !

HEAVENWARD.

Heavenward our path still goes,
 Sojourners on earth we wander,
 Till we reach our blest repose
 In the land of promise yonder ;
 Here we stay a pilgrim band,
 There must be our fatherland !

Heavenward, my soul arise,
 For thou art a heavenly being ;
 Thou shouldst seek no earthly prize
 From this world thou art fleeing ;
 Hearts with heavenly wisdom blessed
 Can in heaven alone find rest.

Heavenward ! death's mighty hand
 Guides me there to joy and gladness—
 There, within that blessed land,
 Victor over pain and sadness—
 Christ himself has gone before—
 Can I dread an unknown shore ?

Heavenward ! oh heavenward !
 There shall be my lot and treasure—
 Let me strive my heart to guard
 From each vain and worldly pleasure ;
 Heavenward my thoughts must tend,
 Till in heaven my cares shall end.

THE BARREN FIG TREE.

My gracious God I would not be
Like the unfruitful barren tree ;
I would not still from year to year,
Without some sign of grace appear.

Oh let thy spirit from on high
With life divine my soul supply,
That I beneath my Father's care
May heavenly fruit to Jesus bear.

In faith, and love, and knowledge grow,
With all thy plants of grace below,
And then from earth to heaven rise
To bloom and flourish in the skies.

ONE GENTLE WORD.

I may if I have but a mind
Do good in many ways,
Plenty to do the young may find
In these our busy days.
Sad would it be though young and small
If I were of no use at all.

One gentle word that I may speak,
Or one kind loving deed,
May though a trifle poor and weak,
Prove like a tiny seed ;
And who can tell what good may spring,
From such a very little thing ?

Then let me try each day and hour,
To act upon this plan :
What little good is in my power.
To do it while I can.
If to be useful thus I try
I may do better by-and-by.

HOME SWEET HOME.

Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaint
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints,
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.

Home, home, sweet home,
Receive me dear Saviour in glory at home.

Sweet bonds that unite all the children of grace,
And thrice blessed Jesus whose love cannot cease,
Though oft from thy presence in sorrow I roam,
I long to behold thee in glory at home.

Home, &c.

I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee;
Though now my temptations like billows may roam,
All, all will be well when I'm with you at home.

Home, &c.

Whate'er thou deniest O give me thy grace,
Thy spirit's true witness and smiles of thy face;
Indulge me with patience to wait at thy throne,
And give even now a sweet foretaste of home.

Home, &c.

I long gracious Lord in thy presence to roam,
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine,
But in thy fair image arise from the tomb
With glorified millions to praise thee at home.

Home, &c.

THE TWO BROTHERS.

We are but two—the others sleep,
Through death's untroubled night;
We are but two—oh let us keep
The link that binds us bright!

Heart leaps to heart—the sacred flood
That warms us is the same;
That good old man—his honest blood
Alike we fondly claim!

We in one mother's arms were locked—
 Long be her love repaid !
 In the same cradle we were rocked,
 Round the same hearth we played.

Our boyish sports were all the same,
 Each little joy and woe ;
 Let manhood keep alive the flame
 Lit up so long ago.

We are but one—be that the bond
 To hold us till we die ;
 Shoulder to shoulder let us stand,
 Till side by side we lie.

THE SOUL THAT LOVES GOD FINDS HIM EVERYWHERE.

O thou by long experience tried,
 Near whom no grief can long abide ;
 My love ! how full of sweet content
 I pass my years of banishment.

All scenes alike engaging prove
 To souls impress'd with sacred love !
 Where'er they dwell, they dwell in thee ;
 In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

To me remains nor place nor time ;
 My country is in every clime ;
 I can be calm and free from care
 On any shore, since God is there.

While place we seek, or place we shun,
 The soul finds happiness in none ;
 But with a God to guide our way,
 'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

Could I be cast where thou art not,
 That were indeed a dreadful lot ;
 But regions none remote I call,
 Secure of finding God in all.

My country, Lord, art thou alone ;
 No other can I claim or own ;
 The point where all my wishes meet ;
 My law, my love, life's only sweet !

I hold by nothing here below ;
 Appoint my journey, and I go ;
 Though pierced by scorn, oppress'd by pride,
 I feel thee good—feel nought beside.

TRIFLES.

Why do we speak of a little thing
 And trifles light as air,
 Can aught be a trifle which helps to bring
 One moment's joy to care ?
 The smallest seed in the fertile ground,
 Is the germ of a noble tree ;
 The lightest touch on a festering wound,
 Is it not agony ?

What is a trifle ? a thoughtless word,
 Forgotten as soon as said !
 Perchance its echo shall yet be heard
 When the speaker is with the dead.
 That thoughtless word is a random dart,
 And strikes we know not where ;
 It may rankle long in some tender heart,—
 Is it a trifle there ?

Is it a trifle—the first false step
 On the dizzy verge of sin ?
 'Tis treacherous ground,—one little slip
 May plunge us headlong in.
 One light temptation and we may wear
 Death's galling chain for aye ;
 One little moment of heartfelt prayer
 May rend those bonds away.

BY THE SEA.

O for a sight of the sea,
 For a breath from the breezy down ;
 From the whirl of life, for a season free,
 From the rush of the crowded town.
 Away ! to the sparkling sand,
 Where the rippling waters run,
 With a laugh and a leap to meet the strand,
 Rejoicing in the sun.

There through the morning hours
 Shall the happy children play ;
 Piling and shaping their sand built towers,
 For the waves to carry away.
 Playground for ever new,
 Where castles rise in a day,
 Some on the earth and some in the clouds,
 But all to vanish away.

Dreams that glimmer and glow
 With fairer than sunset gleams
 Till the tide comes up, and the mist falls low,
 And alas ! they are only dreams.
 Ah ! if the visions we weave
 Were only the deeds we do,
 How would this desert wherein we live
 Light up with a glory new !
 But not till life's dreams are done
 Will that brighter morning break,
 And the soul, as night's last watch is run,
 Be satisfied and awake.

O wide and wondrous main
 Thou severest many a tie
 Which may never more be linked again,
 Beneath an earthly sky
 The wavelets wash the shore
 Where our far off dear ones dwell,
 Yearning in vain to behold once more
 A land they have loved too well.

Not now—not here—we may meet,
 But we look for a home more fair,
 And a time when our longing hearts shall greet,
 In a glad reunion there.

And the heart exults to own,
 As it watches thy mighty sway,
 The love and the mightier power of one,
 Whom both winds and sea obey.
 The billows their bounds must keep—
 Their missions alone fulfill,
 Nor can thy furious tempest sweep,
 Save at our Father's will !

And soon thy waves, O sea,
 Shall divide our homes no more,
 Nor the bitter cry of the mourners be
 Comingled with thy roar—
 Time's weariest night watch past,—
 And a shout go up to the rising sun,
 Of "safe in the port at last,"
 The haven so long desired.
 We shall stand on the glassy sea,
 And sing by the rapture of love inspired
 Heaven's psalm of victory.

SAMUEL.

Once in the silence of the night.
 The lamp of God was clear and bright,
 And there by holy Angels kept,
 Samuel, the child securely slept.

An unknown voice the stillness broke ;
 "Samuel" it called, and thrice it spoke,
 He rose—he asked "whence came the word ?"
 From Eli ?" No : it was the Lord.

Thus early called to serve his God,
 The path of righteousness he trod ;
 Wisdom and mercy ruled his breast,
 And Israel taught by him was blest.

Speak Lord, and from our earliest days,
 Incline our hearts to love thy ways ;
 Oh ! let thy voice now reach our ear ;
 Speak Lord, and let thy servant hear.

A LESSON FROM THE AUTUMN FOLIAGE.

Though September's sun shines brightly,
 And September's skies are blue,
 Though the autumn breezes lightly
 Stir the leaves of varied hue,
 Still a not unpleasant sadness
 Stealeth softly o'er our hearts,
 While we mourn the vanished gladness
 Of the summer which departs.

Though the autumn foliage glory
 In its green and gold array,
 Yet its splendours tell a story
 Of incipient decay.
 Let us listen to its teaching,
 For analogies profound
 And throughout all nature reaching
 Are within us, and around.

Yes, the autumn foliage gaining
 Tints of beauty as it dies,
 Like the setting sun, which waning,
 Spreads new glory o'er the skies,
 Tells the christian that as nearer
 To the grave his footsteps tend,
 All his graces should shine clearer,
 And beam brightest at his end.

RELICS.

Our stout hearts brave the ice winds bleak,
 Our keen eyes scan the endless snow;
 All sign or trace of those we seek
 Has passed and perished long ago.

Oh, flash of hope! Oh joyous thrill!
 Onward with throbbing heart we haste,
 For looming through the ice fog chill,
 A lonely boat is on the waste.

Sad recompense of all our toil
 Wrung from the iron realms of frost,
 A mournful but a precious spoil,—
 A reliquary of the lost.

Here lie the arms, the sail, the oar,
 Dark with the storms of winter ten
 And by their inexhausted store
 The bones that once were stalwart men.

Their last dark record none may learn;
 Whether in feebleness and pain,
 Heart sick they watched for the return
 Of those who never came again.

Or, if amid the stillness drear
 They felt the drowsy death-bed creep,
 Then stretched them on their snowy bier
 And slumbered to their last long sleep.

He only knows whose word of hope
 Was with them in the closing strife,
 And taught their spirits how to cope
 With agony that wins to life.

He only knows whose word of might
 Watched by them in their slow decay,—
 Sure pledge that death's long polar night
 Should brighten into endless day.

And when the sun with face unveiled
 Was circling through the summer's sky,
 With silent words of promise hailed
 The symbol of eternity.

Welcome dear relic ! witness rare !
 Faithful as if an angel wrote ;
 Though death has set his signet there,
 The Lord of life was in the boat.

FATHER AND SON.

A TRUE STORY.

"Father is late" said the watching boy ;
 "Ill run through the wood to meet him,
 For I love to see his smile of joy,
 When his little son comes to greet him.

"Ill take his axe from his weary hand,
 And lay it over my shoulder ;
 I'll go to the clearing, and help him, too,
 When I am a few years older."

The boy set out through the forest dim—
 There were prowlers watching his feet—
 But the wild beasts waked no fear in him,
 He would soon his father meet.

On, on he walked, till his little feet
 Ached and were growing weary ;
 "Ill rest" said he, "on this mossy seat
 For the way is long and dreary.

I cannot hear the woodman's axe,
 So I think their work is done,
 And father will surely pass this way,
 For other there is none."

He sat him down on a tall tree's root,
 To watch for his father's coming ;
 But soon a mist came o'er his eyes
 And his ears heard only a humming.

And down he dropped by the tall tree's foot,
 Never thinking of fear or joy ;
 And a kind little whirlwind heaped the leaves
 All over the sleeping boy.

The father turned his weary feet
 Towards his home in joy ;
 He thought of the welcome awaiting him there,
 And he thought of his darling boy.

He cast his eyes upon the ground,
 And close by the side of the way
 He stopped to note a strange little mound ;
 Heaped up of leaves so gay.

He passed along, then turned—impelled
 By a thought both strange and wild—
 He cast the varied spread aside,
 And saw his sleeping child.

He raised him gently in his arms,
 And in his place he laid,
 A log of wood, and covered it o'er
 With the leaves of the forest glade.

Then he withdrew to a sheltered spot
 For he heard a fearful howl,
 And soon the wolves came creeping out,
 And round the mound they prowl.

As they cast the light gay leaves aside,
 And their glaring eyes were seen,
 The father strained his child to his breast
 As he thought of what might have been !

Then he homeward strode but the boy slept on,
 As over the ground they flew ;
 Of the danger threatened he nothing dreamed,
 Of the rescue he nothing knew.

And the father's feet never stopped or stayed
 Till he passed the forest wild,
 And said, as he sunk on his own door stone,
 "Thank God, I've saved my child."

So christian, dost thou walk life's maze,
 While hidden foes surround thee,
 So all unconscious oft art thou
 Of strong arms thrown around thee.

For angels hands do bear thee up,
 Lest thou shouldst fall and perish ;
 Ay, one that's stronger still, his lambs
 Doth ever fold and cherish.

And when that foe who seeks thy soul
 To ruin and devour,
 Shall find thee helpless and alone,
 Oh ! fear thou not his power.

For one that's mightier far than he
 Will to thy rescue come,
 He'll take thee in his own strong arms
 And bear thee to his home.

THE LILY AND THE ROSE.

Within the garden's peaceful scene
 Appeared two lovely foes,
 Aspiring to the rank of queen,
 The lily and the rose.

The rose soon reddened into rage,
 And swelling with disdain,
 Appealed to many a poet's page,
 To prove her right to reign.

The lily's height bespoke command,—
 A fair, imperial flower ;
 She seemed designed for Flora's hand,
 The sceptre of her power.

This civil bickering and debate
 The goddess chanced to hear,
 And flew to save, ere yet too late,
 The pride of the parterre.

"Your's is" she said, "the nobler hue,
 And yours the statelier mien ;
 And till a third surpasses you,
 Let each be deemed a queen."

MORAL.

Let no mean jealousies pervert your mind,
 A blemish in another's fame to find ;
 Be grateful for the gifts that you possess,
 Nor deem a rival's merit makes yours less.

THE WICKET GATE.

'Mid the fast falling shadows,
 Weary and worn, and late,
 A timid, doubting pilgrim,
 I reached the wicket gate.
 Where crowds have stood before me,
 I stand alone to night,
 And in the deepening darkness,
 Pray for one gleam of light.

From the foul sloughs and marshes,
 I've gathered many a stain ;
 I've heard old voices calling
 From far across the plain.
 Now, in my wretched weakness,
 Fearful and sad I wait ;
 And every refuge fails me
 Here at the wicket gate.

And will the portals open
 To me, who roamed so long
 Filthy, and vile, and burdened
 With this great weight of wrong!
 Hark! a glad voice of welcome
 Bids my wild fears abate—
 Look, for a hand of mercy
 Opens the wicket gate.

On to the palace beautiful,
 And the bright room called peace;
 Down to the silent river,
 Where thou shalt find release;
 Up to the radiant city,
 Where shining ones await—
 On, for the way of glory
 Lies through the wicket gate.

THE SUMMER TIME.

The bright summer time has left us,
 Its happy hours have fled;
 Its flowers once so beautiful,
 Lie scattered here and dead.

I look around and try to think
 This cannot, cannot be;
 But still I feel the summer's gone,
 That time so dear to me

How I feel the cold gray mornings,
 That once were bright and gay,
 For they tell us but too plainly
 The summer's past away.

And when I'm forced to own it gone,
 The time I've loved so well,
 How sad and lonely all seems then—
 I find no words to tell.

For oh ! there comes so sadly back,
 The thoughts of happy days,
 When dear old friends so kindly met
 'Neath the summer's brightest rays.

But the bright and lovely time is o'er,
 The summer's sun has set ;
 The happy friends are scattered,
 Who then so kindly met.

But may there not come back to us
 Days quite as bright and fair ?
 The summer's sun as brightly shine,
 And friends as true be near.

A few more months, a very few,
 And spring will come again,
 And in its brightness we'll forget
 The dark days that have been.

THE SUMMER.

Last summer when athwart the sky
 Shone the immeasurable days,
 We wandered slowly, you and I,
 Adown these leafy forest ways.

With laugh and song and sportive speech,
 And mirthful tales of earlier years,
 Though deep within the soul of each,
 Lay thoughts too sorrowful for tears.

Because—I marked it many a time—
 Your feet grew slower day by day,
 And where I did not fear to climb
 You paused to find an easier way.

And all the while a boding fear
 Pressed hard and heavy on my heart ;
 Yet still with words of hope and cheer
 I bade the gathering grief depart.

Saying, "when next these purple bells
 And these red columbines return,
 When woods are full of piny smells,
 And the faint fragrance of the fern ;

When the wild whiteweed's bright surprise
 Looks up from all the strawberried plain,
 Like thousands of astonished eyes—
 Dear child, you will be well again !"

Again the marvellous days are here ;
 Warm on my cheek the sunshine burns,
 And fledged birds chirp, and far and near
 Floats the strange sweetness of the ferns,

But down these ways I walk alone,
 Tearless, companionless, and dumb,
 Or rest upon this wayside stone,
 To wait for one who does not come.

Yet all is ev'n as I foretold :
 The summer shines on wave and wild,
 The fern is fragrant as of old,—
 And you are well again dear child.

FLOWERS.

Simple flowers by the silvery brooks,
 My thoughts are stirred by your gentle looks ;
 And I feel nearer each time to God,
 Your haunts by my wayward feet are trod.

I love to gather the sweet surprise
 Of the early dawn in your dewy eyes,
 While the minstrel lark from his airy bowers
 Keeps raining his soul on ye, tender flowers.

O dear delights of the earth and sky,
 Unknown, unnoticed, ye bloom and die ;
 Content to breathe out your life unseen
In the forest brown, and the meadows green.

Nations have vanished and ages rolled
 Since ye blossomed in Eden's bowers of old,
 And yet in your hearts ye are pure as then,
 But alas ! and alas ! for the hearts of men.

The same great Toiler has made us both,
 And ye are true to your ancient troth—
 True as when first on the earth ye came
 To tell of his wisdom and preach his name.

But man, proud man, with the godlike brow,
 How black at his purest beside ye now,
 Ah ! little I ween could the wisest say,
 Were it not for the hope of a brighter day.

EVIL PASSIONS.

Fierce is the Eagle in his pride,
 The Vulture in the air,
 The Tiger in the forest wide,
 The Lion in his lair ;
 But birds of prey and savage beasts
 Are not so fierce and fell
 In all their rage, as human breasts
 Where evil passions dwell.

THE MOSS ROSE.

I know a queenly flower,
 Of richest crimson dye,
 And few in all the garden bower,
 May with its beauty vie.

With sweetly modest mien,
 Lifting its blushing face
 Half veil'd in mossy fringes green,
 To meet the sun's soft rays.

On fragile stem it sways,
 From which spring here and there,
 Green folded buds, and tiny sprays
 Of velvet leaflets rare.

Did some bright angel fling
 This gem from Eden's bower,
 Ere it had known the withering
 Of sin's accursed power ?

Nay, but one far above
 The highest ranks of heaven,
 In token of unceasing love,
 This flower to earth hath given.

Each silky petal bears
 The signature divine,
 Each mingling tint says, "still He cares
 For the world's weal, and thine."

CHARLIE AND THE ROBIN'S SONG.

One summer morning early,
 When the dew was bright to see,
 Our dark eyed little Charlie
 Stood by his mother's knee.
 And he heard a robin singing
 In a tree, so tall and high ;
 On the topmost bough 'twas swinging,
 Away up in the sky.

"Mamma, the robin's praying
 In the very tree top there :
 Glory ! glory ! it is saying ;
 And that is all its prayer.
 But God will surely hear him,
 And the angels standing by ;
 For God is very near him,
 Away up in the sky."

"My child, God is no nearer
 To robin on the tree,
 And does not hear him clearer
 Than he does you and me.
 For he hears the angels harping
 In sun-bright glory drest,
 And the little birdlings chirping
 Down in their leafy nest,"

"Mamma, if you should hide me
 Away down in the dark,
 And leave no lamp beside me,
 Would God then have to hark ?
 And if I whisper lowly
 All covered in my bed,
 Do you think that Jesus holy
 Would know what 'twas I said !"

"My darling little lisper,
 God's light is never dim ;
 The very lowest whisper
 Is always close to him."

Now the robin's song was filling
 The child's soul full of bliss ;
 The very air was trilling
 When his Mamma told him this,—
 And he wished, in childish craving,
 For the robin's wing to fly,
 To sing on tree tops waving,
 So very near the sky.

THE BRIDGE.

I stood on the bridge at midnight,
 As the clocks were striking the hour,
 And the moon rose o'er the city
 Behind the dark church tower.

And far in the hazy distance
 Of that lovely night in June,
 The blaze of the flaming furnace
 Gleamed redder than the moon.

Among the long black rafters
 The wavering shadows lay,
 And the current that came from the ocean
 Seemed to lift and bear them away ;

As sweeping and eddying through them,
 Rose the belated tide,
 And streaming into the moonlight,
 The sea weed floated wide.

And like those waters rushing
 Among the wooden piers,
 A flood of thoughts came o'er me,
 That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, O how often,
 In the days that had gone by,
 I had stood on that bridge at midnight,
 And gazed on that wave and sky !

How often, O how often
 I had wished that the ebbing tide
 Would bear me away on its bosom
 O'er the ocean wild and wide !

For my heart was hot and restless
 And my life was full of care,
 And the burden laid upon me
 Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,
 It is buried in the sea ;
 And only the sorrow of others
 Throws its shadow over me

Yet whenever I cross the river,
 On its bridge with wooden piers,
 Like the odour of brine from the ocean
 Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands
 Of care encumbered men,
 Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
 Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession .
 Still passing to and fro,
 The young heart hot and restless
 And the old subdued and slow !

And for ever, and for ever,
 As long as the river flows,
 As long as the heart has passions,
 As long as life has woes ;

The moon and its broken reflection
 And its shadows shall appear,
 As the symbol of love in heaven,
 And its wavering image here.

REASSURING PROSPECT.

All is light and all is joy,
 The spider's foot doth busily
 Unto the silken tulip tie
 His circling silver broidery.

The dragon fly on fluttering wings,
 Mirrors the orbs of her large eyes
 In the bright pond where creeping things
 Make a dark world of mysteries.

The full blown rose, grown young again,
 Kisses the sweet bud's tender blush,
 The bird pours forth his tuneful strain
 Within the sun illumined bush.

He blesses God who ne'er is hid
 From the pure soul to virtue given,
 Who makes the dawn a fiery lid
 For the azure eye of heaven.

In woods that soften every sound,
 The timid fawn doth dreaming play ;
 And in the green moss shining round
 Beetles their living orb display.

The moon all pale in sunlit skies,
 A cheerful convalescent seems ;
 And opens soft her opal eyes,
 Whence heaven's sweetness downward streams.

The wallflower with the gamesome bee,
 Plays by the crumbling ruins old ;
 The furrow waketh joyfully,
 Moved by the seed that burst their fold.

All lives and sits around with grace—
 The sunbeam on the threshold wide,
 The gliding shade on the water's face,
 The blue sky on the green hill's side.

On joyful plains bright sun-rays fall,
 Woods murmur, fields with flowers are clad,
 Fear nothing man ; for nature all
 Knows the great secret, and is glad.

THE LAST DAY OF THE YEAR.

Lord our God ! with adoration
 In thy presence we appear ;
 Thankful for thy ceaseless blessings,
 For thy mercies always near ;
 With merciful thoughts of kindness
 Granted to us through the year.

In our weakness, thou hast strengthen'd ;
 When we fear'd ; hast whispered peace ;
 When temptations crowded round us,
 It was thou didst bid them cease ;
 And while footsore, sad, or weary,
 Cheer'd our souls with faith's increase.

Lord we thankfully adore thee
 For abounding comforts given ;
 And, relying on thy promise,
 Yet we'll strive, as we have striven,
 Knowing that, through Christ our Saviour,
 We shall find true rest in heaven.

THE DOVE.

Again the earth array'd in green
 Recalls creation's earliest scene,
 Again the word of God goes forth
 To renovate the barren earth
 In grateful incense, to the skies
 Odours of richest perfume rise.
 The flowers in holiday attire
 Dance to the sounds of nature's lyre ;
 The turtle's note, subdued and sad
 Sweet discord makes with sounds more glad.
 And yet its touching strain can move
 More than all sounds within the grove ;
 Its mournful burst, then solemn pause
 With trembling joy the spirit awes
 As fitfully it sweeps along,
 And then abruptly stops its song.
 O heav'n taught bird thy triple sound,
 Has meanings hidden and profound,
 Not accident, but pow'r divine,
 Impels this threefold note of thine.
 Then hail to thy three notes of love,
 Thrice welcome herald from above !

TO MASTER MITCHELL.

SENT AFTER A BIRTHDAY.

In the days of my boyhood
 I heard the bells chime,
 And set out for the village
 In the holiday time ;
 But alas ! for I loitered,
 And did not get there
 (It sadly perplexed me)
 Till after the Fair !

Ah me ! how the cares
 Of the world as they move,
 Drive away from our thoughts
 E'en the friends that we love,
 Till they rush on our hearts
 With reproach's wild glare,
 And remind us our friendship
 Is after the Fair !

In playing the poet
 The kind hearted pen
 Should be prompt in its offerings
 To women or men ;
 For the sweetest effusions,
 Though written with care,
 When too late, may be said to be—
 After the Fair !

Alas ! my dear Mitchell,
 I say with a sigh,
 Once again to my grief
 Has thy birthday gone by ;
 And my stanzas now sent,
 Be they worthless or rare,
 Will arrive—how provoking !
 Long after the Fairs !

I desire and I pray
 That God's grace may be given,
 To guide thee on earth,
 And guide thee to heaven ;
 But I know to my sorrow,
 My wish and my prayer,
 Though they fly they cannot reach thee
 Till after the Fair !

Forgive me dear Mitchell,
 Thy pardon shall prove,
 That thy heart is a heart
 Of forgiveness and love ;
 But I know thou wilt pardon,
 And take as they are
 These few lines of affection,
 Though after the Fair !

AT THE LAST.

The stream is calmest when it nears the tide,
 And flowers are sweetest at eventide,
 And birds most musical at close of day,
 And saints divinest when they pass away.

Morning is lovely, but a holier charm
 Lies folded close in evening's robe of balm ;
 And weary man must ever love her best,
 For morning calls to toil, but night brings rest.

She comes from heaven, and on wings doth bear
 A holy fragrance, like the breath of prayer ;
 Footsteps of angels follow in her trace,
 To shut the weary eyes of day in peace.

All things are hushed before her, as she throws
 O'er earth and sky her mantle of repose ;
 There is a calm, a beauty, and a power,
 That morning knows not, in the evening hour.

Until the evening, we must weep and toil,
 Plough life's stern furrows, dig the weedy soil,
 Tread with sad feet, our rough and thorny way,
 And bear the heat and burden of the day.

Oh ! when our sun is setting, may we glide,
 Like summer evening down the golden tide ;
 And leave behind us, as we pass away,
 Sweet, starry twilight round our sleeping clay !

THE HEATH FLOWER.

And dost thou ask me why I wear
 A heath flower in this breast of care,
 And idly gaze thereon and sigh ?
 Oh there is hope in its purple eye,
 It carries withal a form so fair ;
 A healthy look and a cheerful air ;
 A sweeter scent and a brighter glow,
 Than loveliest rose could ever show.

Dim and distant is now the day hour
 When beauty plucked the desert flower ;
 Pluck'd it with all its wild perfume,
 And bade it in my bosom bloom ;
 And since that season it bears a spell,
 And I have loved it passing well ;
 And strangely has it blended been
 With every past and sunny scene.

Nor does it speak of joy alone,
 Of warbled airs and music flown ;
 Nor rising suns, nor moonlit beams,
 Nor laughing hours, and golden dreams,
 With all the dear delights that start
 And crowd around the exulting heart ;
 Nor of beauty's voice, nor water's fall,
 But the wild witchery of them all.

And it breathes of other things to me :
 Of mountain air and of liberty ;
 Of tower and tree by lightning riven ;
 The storm and the warring wind of heaven ;
 Of mossy cairn, and cromlich grey
 And maddening sounds of feud and fray ;
 Of stern contention hope forlorn,
 And banner rent, and tartan torn.

And there be deeper thoughts that dwell
 Around it, that I may not tell ;
 Things that, alas ! I cannot bear
 To think upon without a tear ;
 Yes ! there are bygone thoughts that dress
 Its bonny leaf with tenderness ;
 That cluster round, its purple crest,
 And bend it to my aching breast.

Come loveliest flower that glads the plain,
 I'll plant thee in my breast again,
 And thou shalt be in grief and tears,
 The symbol of departed years ;
 Recalling back amid the blast,
 The sunny season of the past,
 Though they be lost to this poor heart,
 Yet memory with them cannot part.

Oh, there is a joy of the bosom given,
 That smiles like thee on earth and heaven,
 Exulting still mid spring and fall,
 Blooming and blossoming through them all ;
 And there is a desolate state on earth,
 Drear on the heath that gave the birth,
 What time the lightning finds it fair,
 And leaves it blasted, bleak, and bare.

There may be one upon earth like me,
 Who loves this flower of sympathy ;
 To him it tells of a distant day,
 Of dreams that were, and have passed away ;

But none may know the thoughts that fly,
Nor the wayward, wild idolatry
That rushes through my heart of care,
When that same flower blossoms there.

Be near my heart thou little flower,
But live not in my mortal hour,
What time these eyes in slumber deep
Shall sleep their everlasting sleep ;
For I may not mingle, when death is given
The dream of earth with the hope of heaven,
Nor sink to my eternal rest,
A heath flower withering on my breast.

THE DEW DROP AND THE STREAM.

The brakes with golden flowers were crowned,
And melody was heard around—
When near the scene a dew drop shed
Its lustre on a violet's head
And trembling to the breeze it hung !
The streamlet, as it rolled along
The beauty of the morn confessed
And thus the sparkling pearl addressed—

Sure little drop, rejoice we may,
For all is beautiful and gay ;
Creation wears her emerald dress,
And smiles in all her loveliness ;
And with delight and pride I see
That little flower bedewed by thee—
Thy lustre with a gem might vie,
While trembling in its purple eye.

Ay, you may well rejoice ! 'tis true !
Replied the radiant drop of dew—
You will no doubt as on you move,
To flocks and herds a blessing prove,
But when the sun ascends on high,
Its beam will draw me towards the sky,
And I must own my little power
I've but refreshed a humble flower.

Hold ! cried the stream, nor thus repine—
 For well 'tis known a power divine,
 Subservient to his will supreme,
 Has made the dew drop and the stream,
 Though small thou art (I yet allow)
 No mark of heaven's contempt art thou—
 Thou hast refreshed a humble flower,
 And done according to thy power.

A HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught,
 That serveth not another's will ;
 Whose armour is his honest thought
 And simple truth his utmost skill.

Whose passions not his master's are,
 Whose soul is still prepared for death,
 Untied unto the world by care
 Of public fame or private breath !

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
 Nor vice hath ever understood ;
 And entertains the harmless day
 With a religious book, or friend.

This man is freed from servile hands,
 Of hope to rise or fear to fall ;
 Lord of himself though not of lands,
 And having nothing, yet hath all.

NEVER GIVE UP.

Never give up ! it is wiser and better
 Always to hope, than once to despair ;
 Fling off the load of doubt's cankering fetter,
 And break the dark spell of tyranical care.
 Never give up ! or the burden may sink you ;
 Providence kindly has mingled the cup ;
 And in all trials or troubles, bethink you
 The watchward of life must be, "never give up."

Never give up ! there are chances and changes
 Helping the hopeful a hundred to one ;
 And though the chaos high wisdom arranges,
 Ever success, if you'll only hope on.
 Never give up ! for the wisest is boldest,
 Knowing that providence mingles the cup ;
 And of all maxims, the best, as the oldest.
 Is the true watchword of "never give up."

Never give up ! though the grape shot may rattle,
 Or the full thunder cloud over you burst,
 Stand like a rock, and the storm and the battle,
 Little shall harm you though doing their worst.
 Never give up ! if adversity presses,
 Providence wisely has mingled the cup
 And the best counsel, in all your distresses,
 Is the stout watchword of "never give up."

PAST AND PRESENT.

I remember, I remember,
 The house where I was born,
 The little window, where the sun
 Came peeping in at morn ;
 He never came a wink too soon—
 Nor brought too long a day ;
 But now I often wish the night
 Had borne my breath away !

I remember, I remember,
 The roses red and white,
 The violets and the lily cups,
 Those flowers made of light ;
 The lilacs where the robin built,
 And where my brother set
 The laburnum on his birthday :
 The tree is living yet.

I remember, I remember,
 Where I was used to swing,
 And thought the air must rush as fresh
 To swallows on the wing.
 My spirit flew in feathers then,
 That is so heavy now,
 And summer pools could hardly cool
 The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember,
 The fir trees dark and high ;
 I used to think their slender tops
 Were close against the sky.
 It was a childish ignorance,—
 But now 'tis little joy
 To know I'm futher off from heaven,
 Than when I was a boy.

FOR A BIRTHDAY.

A smile in kindly eyes I see,
 And kindly arms are pressed round me,
 And kindly voices now I hear,
 That wish me many a happy year.

But there is yet a kinder eye,
 That gazes on me from on high ;
 The gracious Lord my prayer will hear,
 As I begin another year.

Almighty Friend thy grace bestow ;
 Teach thy weak child thy will to know,
 And guide me in thy faith and fear ;
 Oh make me wiser every year !

Take pride and folly from my heart ;
 Bid sloth and selfishness depart ;
 Let me be humble, meek, sincere ;
 O make me holier every year !

If more and more I prize thy word,
 If more and more I love my Lord,
 If more and more I feel thee near,
 I shall be happier every year.

Still wiser, holier may I be,—
 A brighter, happier birthday see,
 When I at last in heaven appear
 To spend with Thee an endless year !

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

Those evening bells, those evening bells,
 How many a tale their music tells
 Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
 When last I heard their soothing chime.

Those joyous hours have passed away,
 And many a heart that then was gay
 Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
 And hears no more those evening bells.

And so t'will be when I am gone ;
 That tuneful peal will still ring on ;
 While other bards shall walk these dells,
 And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

THE SUNSHINE.

I love the sunshine everywhere—
 In wood, and field, and glen ;
 I love it in the busy haunts
 Of town imprisoned men.

I love it when it streameth in
 The humble cottage door,
 And casts the chequered casement shade
 Upon the red brick floor.

I love it where the children lie,
 Deep in the clovery grass,
 To watch among the twining roots
 The gold green beetle pass.

I love it on the breezy sea,
 To glance on sail and oar,
 While the great waves, like molten glass
 Come leaping to the shore.

I love it on the mountain tops,
 Where lies the thawless snow ;
 And half a kingdom bathed in light
 Lies stretching out below.

Oh yes, I love the sunshine !
 Like kindness, or like mirth,
 Upon a human countenance,
 Is sunshine on the earth.

Upon the earth, upon the sea—
 And through the crystal air—
 Or piled up clouds—the gracious sun
 Is glorious everywhere.

THE STORM.

A ship was streaming the ocean tide,
 And oh ! how gallantly did she ride ;
 A storm came on—it was sad to see
 How she roll'd a wreck on the fathomless sea.

Her mariners left her, one by one,
 In the season of peril, almost alone ;
 But a few there were who endured the blast,
 And succour'd her in her distress to the last.

She righted again, and she braved the tide,
 And oh ! how gallantly did she ride !
 It was strange to see when she stemm'd the main
 How her mariners all came back again !

While ocean winds her canvass swell,
 That ship of the terrible storm shall tell,
 And her log book the names of the crew shall bear
 Who abandon'd her not in the hour of despair.

FOR PATIENCE.

Sweet patience, come !
 With long distress my spirit faints,
 And my heart breaks with its complaints,
 And eager pain to find relief
 Solicits even change of grief.
 And unbelief disturbs my trust,
 And shakes my hopes, as with a gust ;
 Spring blossoms flutter from the stalk,
 And withering lie upon the walk,—
 Sweet patience come.

Sweet patience, come !
 Not from a low and earthly source,
 Waiting till things shall have their course ;
 Not as accepting present pain ;
 In hope of some hereafter gain ;
 Not in a dull and sullen calm—
 But as a breath of heavenly balm,
 Bidding my weary heart submit
 To bear whatever God sees fit
 Sweet patience, come !

Sweet patience, come !
 Tell me my Father hath not shed
 One grief too many on my head ;
 Tell me his love remembers still
 His children suffering at his will ;
 How excellent a thought to me
 His loving kindness then shall be.
 Then in the shadow of his wings
 I'll hide me from all troublous things,
 Sweet patience, come !

THE FISHER BOY.

"Courage ! my boy ! pull cheerily, cheerily,
See, we are nearing the shore !"
For the blue eyes were closing wearily,
And the small hands flagged at the oar.

"Mother is waiting to welcome us home,
She has piled the fire up bright ;
When our boat has rounded the headland rocks
We shall see its dancing light."

They had left the village at early morn,
And had toiled the live-long day ;
Now, cold and tired they were hastening home,
All drenched with the falling spray.

But the mist is creeping o'er land and sea,
And darkness is gathering fast,
And the voice of the storm in the fisherman's ear
Is heard in the muttering blast.

He takes the oar from the weary hand,
And wraps up the trembling child,
Who, looking up in that sun-burnt face,
Said softly as he smiled :

"Father, I do not fear the storm ;
It cannot do us ill ;
I have read of Jesus, who bids the wind
And the raging waves "be still."

And he in his everlasting arms,
His lambs will safely keep ;
And I am his, I know he will—"
And the boy soon fell asleep.

How slowly passed the long, long hours
In the cottage by the shore,
Where the mother listened, with pallid cheek,
To the voice of the tempest's roar.

And when the morn rose quiet and grey,
 By a vessel outward bound
 A man, half dead with cold and rain,
 In a drifting boat was found ;

And close in his bosom lay his boy
 With his arms clasped round him tight,
 While the hand of death on the peaceful face
 Told the tale of that fearful night.

But light shines through the darkest cloud,
 And love guides all God's ways,
 And the seed sown by that childish hand
 Was found ere many days.

THE CROCUS'S SONG.

Down in my solitude under the snow,
 Where nothing cheering can reach me ;
 Here without light to see how to grow,
 I'll trust to nature to teach me.

I will not despair, nor be idle, nor frown,
 Locked in so gloomy a dwelling ;
 My leaves shall run up, and my roots shall run down,
 While the bud in my bosom is swelling.

Soon as the frost will get out of my bed,
 From this cold dungeon to free me,
 I will peer up with my little bright head,
 All will be joyful to see me.

Then from my heart will young petals diverge
 As rays of the sun from their focus ;
 I from the darkness of earth will emerge,
 A happy and beautiful crocus.

Many, perhaps, from so simple a flower
 This little lesson may borrow,
 Patient to-day, through its gloomiest hour,
 We come out the brighter to-morrow.

COME AGAIN, SWEET BIRDS OF SUMMER.

Come again sweet birds of summer
 Cheer us with your matin song ;
 Sing on tree top, hill, and valley—
 Sing your anthem loud and long.
 Bear us on your wings of beauty
 Rays of joy to glad our hearts ;
 Warbling, with your myriad voices
 Of the light that ne'er departs.

See the leaves of summer lying
 Coldly mould'ring on the ground ;
 Hear the winds of autumn sighing
 O'er the wrecks thus strewn around ;
 Murm'ring low refrains of sadness
 For the scenes that once were fair—
 Mourning for those songs of gladness
 That so lately filled the air.

Bring us back the tiny snowdrop ;
 Fairest emblem of the spring ;
 Bring us back the bright eyed daisy,
 Of which poets love to sing.
 Bring us back the balmy fragrance
 That the summer sunbeams give ;
 Bring us back that verdant freshness
 That in summer used to live.

Come again sweet birds of summer,
 Chase the wintry clouds away,
 In your chaunting give us promise
 Of the eternal summer day.
 Come, oh come, sweet birds of summer—
 Come to woodland, field and glen ;
 Fill our hearts with joy and pleasure,
 Birds, sweet birds—oh come again.

THE SETTING SUN.

That setting sun—that setting sun !
 What scenes, since first its race begun,
 Of varied hue, its eye hath seen
 Which are as they had never been !

That setting sun ! full many a gaze
 Hath dwelt upon its fading rays,
 With sweet according thought sublime,
 In every age, and every clime !

'Tis sweet to mark thee sinking slow
 The ocean's fabled caves below ;
 And when the obscuring night is done,
 To see thee rise, sweet setting sun !

So when my pulses cease to play,
 Serenely close my evening ray,
 To rise again, death's slumber done,
 Glorious like thee, sweet setting sun.

THE BEE AND THE FLOWER.

The fair campanula was folded up,
 An early bee around her played,
 And often, and in vain essayed
 To reach her nectared cup.

Up rose the sun, to his enchanting shine,
 The flower her tent wide open cast,
 The bee had then a rich repast,
 He sipped the honey wine.

Thus on the volume of the word I pore,
 'Tis a locked chamber to my mind,
 No key to open have I, I find
 No chink in all the door.

But when the Spirit's quick'ning grace is given
 On these dread oracles to shine,
 I enter straight the courts divine,
 And look right into heaven.

TO A LADY ON HER BIRTHDAY.

How fleet the winged moments run
 To reach their destined goal ;
 Days swiftly pass, time turns his glass
 And on the seasons roll ;
 Though yet is heard the wintry blast
 St. Valentine's is gone and past.

An aged harper worn with care,
 With tresses thin and grey,
 By stately halls and palace walls,
 Pursues his thoughtless way ;
 Age does not often weep then why
 That tear drop trembling in his eye ?

And now a goodly band of guests
 Are met in chamber fair,
 The gay and young are 'mid the throng,
 The harper old is there ;
 And she from Compton's manor grey,
 Who sang "the Dame of Rotherhaye."

But chief amid that circle fair,
 Is one in sable clad ;
 She mourns her lord—by all deplored ;
 Then how can she be glad ?
 Though birthday smiles a joy impart,
 Her grief lies heavy on her heart.

The hoary harper sees her pain,
 And tries as best he may,
 To soothe her grief, and give relief
 On this her natal day ;
 He strikes the harp, while thus he sings,
 Though time has rudely warped the strings :—

"Oh listen, listen, lady dear,
 Nor does thy lord deplore ;
 This thought so blessed may calm thy breast,
 Not lost, but gone before ;
 He saw the bridal jubilee,
 Then onward went to wait for thee."

Oh would that man could grateful prove
 That still whate'er our lot,
 One truth so bright for sorrow's night,
 Might never be forgot,
 E'en when our sky looks cold and drear
 Soft beams of mercy linger near.

"Yes lady dear thy lord is gone,
 But wait a little space
 And lo ! thine eyes with sweet surprise,
 Again shall see his face,
 Thy friend, protector, guardian, guide ;
 Immortal, sainted, glorified.

Or buoyed with hope, or bowed with care,
 And shadowy thoughts profound,
 His heart was thine in shade and shine
 An ever faithful found,
 As when with fond delighted gaze,
 He saw thee first his Belle Anglaise.

Thou wert to him a sunny beam
 Across his youthful way :
 A soothing power for sorrow's hour,
 In life's declining day ;
 When called his being to resign,
 His hand was fondly clasped in thine.

Together have ye borne the blast
 When stormy winds did blow,
 Together still through good and ill,
 Scarce are ye parted now ;
 For fancy hears his voice aloud
 From yonder snowy, sunlit cloud.

Fond partner cheer thy drooping heart,
 I cannot come to thee ;
 But trust his love, who reigns above,
 And thou shalt come to me ;
 I may not—angels may not tell
 The glories that around may dwell.

Gold is but dim, and earthly crowns
 At best but baubles bright,
 To him whose gaze has caught the blaze,
 That fills the raptured sight,
 Where cherubims with praises soar
 And burning seraphim adore.

Then smile on yon dear filial band ;
 Be happy for my sake ;
 Their flowers so sweet with pleasure greet,
 And sorrow's cloud will break,
 Together we again shall be,
 United through eternity."

The song has ceased—the lady smiles—
 And she is happier now,
 She looks above, and faith and love
 Are lighting up her brow,
 Content, and trust, and peace, are given ;
 Her heart and hope are fixed on heaven.

WELCOME CHRISTMAS.

Welcome christmas, welcome here,
 Happiest season of the year :
 Fires are blazing thee to greet,
 Families together meet ;
 Brothers, sisters, circle round
 Loud in gladness' festive sound ;
 For old England loves to see
 All her children welcome thee.

Welcome christmas, for thy voice
 Calls upon us to rejoice ;
 Not with foolish, idle mirth,
 Born and perishing on earth ;
 Far be such ungrateful thought ;
 Ours are blessings dearly bought,—
 Dearly bought, but freely given,
 By the Lord of earth and heaven.

Fix we then on Christ our eye ;
 May we feel the Saviour nigh ;
 May we meet around the board,
 All rejoicing in the Lord ;
 Be the Babe of Bethlehem near ;
 May his love the season cheer,
 And each gladden'd heart and tongue
 Join the angels' christmas song.

THE WOOD-MOUSE.

Do you know the little wood-mouse,
 That pretty little thing,
 That sits among the forest leaves
 Beside the forest spring ?

Its fur is red as the red chestnut,
 And it is small and slim ;
 It leads a life most innocent
 Within the forest dim."

I saw a little wood-mouse once,
 Like Oberon in his hall
 With the green, green moss beneath his feet,
 Sit under a mushroom tall.

I saw him sit and his dinner eat,
 All under the forest tree,
 His dinner of chestnut ripe and red,
 And he ate it heartily.

I wish you could have seen him there ;
 It did my spirit good,
 To see the small thing God had made
 Thus eating in the wood.

I saw that he regarded them—
 Those creatures weak and small ;
 Their table in the wild is spread
 By him who cares for all.

THE TROUBADOUR AND HIS SWALLOW.

The warm breath of summer
 Has burst the frost's chain ;
 The earth is all blossom ;
 But the bird of my bosom
 My beautiful swallow, returns not again.

I hear its gay fellows—
 More faithful, alas !—
 The bright dawn saluting :
 With rapid wings shooting,
 I see them across the blue lake's surface pass.

Long known—long beloved !
 When wilt thou return
 To cheer me heart weary ?
 In absence so dreary
 From thee, O my swallow I linger and mourn.

None other can give thee
 A life half so fair ;
 Like thine was my nature,
 Thou bright joyous creature ;
 The same food and shelter with me thou didst share.

For thee does my window
 Half open remain ;
 What hinders thee dearest
 Can it be that thou fearest
 In me a harsh tyrant with prison and chain ?

The flower in the wild wood
 Gives place to the fruit ;
 The summer on stealth ;
 And each day revealeth
 My hope of thy coming grown fainter and mute.

My strain once so gleesome
 Is now—a sad song !
 Art thou faithful no longer ?
 Has death proved thee stronger ?
 No matter, thy minstrel will pine for thee long.

DEPARTURE OF THE SWALLOWS.

"Tell me, my mother dear,"
 I heard a child once say,
 "Where do the swallows hasten,
 When they all fly away?"

"Southward my child, they fly,
 Unto a sunny clime,
 Until the winter passes,
 The bleak and chilling time.

But when the spring returns,
 And skies once more are blue,
 Then will the pretty swallows
 Come back again to you.

And thus my daughter dear,
 This life of ours goes past ;
 It has its spring and summer ;
 But winter comes at last.

The fairest flower must fade,
 The stateliest tree decay,
 And in God's own good season
 We too must pass away.

May we to Jesus fly,
 In heaven's bright happy clime,
 Beyond the reach of sorrow,
 Of suffering, and of time.

THE SHADOWS.

"Mamma, I see something quite dark on the wall—
 It moves up and down, and it looks very strange ;
 Sometimes it is large, and sometimes it is small ;
 Pray tell me what is it, and why does it change."

"It is mamma's shadow that puzzles you so,
 And there is your own close beside it, my love !
 Now run round the room, it will go where you go ;
 It rests where you sit, when you rise it will move.

These wonderful shadows are caused by the light
 From the fire and from candles upon us that falls ;
 If we were not here, all that place would be bright,
 But light can't shine through us to lighten the walls.

And when you are out some fine day in the sun,
 I'll take you where shadows of apple trees lie ;
 And houses and cottages too—every one
 Repose on their shadows beneath the bright sky.

Now hold up your mouth, and give me a sweet kiss ;
 Our shadows kiss too ! don't you see it quite plain ?"
 "O yes ! and I thank you for telling me this,
 I'll not be afraid of the shadows again."

THE WELCOME OF SPRING.

Already the blackbird is trying to sing,
 Already the lark is shaking his wing ;
 Already the robin is seeking a mate,
 And piping his song on the hedge and the gate ;
 Already the sparrow with boldness of knight,
 Is wooing and chasing his love in her flight ;
 Already the thrush on the bare poplar tree,
 Is ringing the chimes of a sweet melody ;
 And the woods are beginning to echo and ring,
 With a thousand sweet voices in lays to the spring.

By and by will the hedges, now dark as the night,
 Be clothed in rich green, with chaplets of white ;
 And the dead looking briars that among them repose,
 Will be bursting with life, and the sweets of the rose ;
 By and by will the ash and the alder tree sigh,
 And wave their green banners as zephyrs pass by ;
 By and by will the oak, so profusely be decked ;
 That a king may take shelter when fortune is wrecked ;
 And the orchards their rich tinted blossoms will bring
 For the beautiful picture thus painted by spring.

Yes the time is fast coming, when youth will away,
 To pluck the wild roses, and bunches of May;
 When the pale and the sickly will long to be where
 They can gather the daisies, and breathe the pure air;
 Fill the laps with the buttercups, spreading them wide,
 Then making them wreaths, by the rivulets' side;
 For the prattling babe shall a May crown wear,
 And the brow of the pale one roses shall bear:
 While the meadows and lanes with their voices shall
 ring
 With another sweet chorus of welcome to spring.

Come season of gladness—come for the strong!
 Come season of health, for the sick and the young!
 Come with thy beautiful, rich, verdant hue!
 Come with thy garlands of red, white and blue!
 Come and paint with fresh tints, where beauties have
 fled!
 Come and breathe once again new life to the dead!

SATURDAY NIGHT.

The week is past!—its latest ray
 Is vanish'd with the closing day;
 And 'tis as far beyond our grasp,
 Its now departed hours to clasp
 As to recall that moment bright,
 When first creation sprang from light.

The week has past!—and has it brought
 Some beams of sweet and soothing thought?
 And has it left some memory dear
 Of heavenly raptures tasted here?
 It has not winged its flight in vain,
 Although it ne'er return again.

And who would sigh for its return?—
 We are but pilgrims, born to mourn;
 And moments as they onward flow,
 Cut short the thread of human woe;
 And bring us nearer to the scenes
 Where sorrows end, and heaven begins.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

The rocky ledge runs far into the sea
 And on its outer points some miles away ;
 The lighthouse lifts its massive masonry
 A pillar of fire by night, of cloud by day.

Not one alone from each projecting cape
 And perilous reef along the ocean's verge
 Starts into life a dim gigantic shape
 Holding its lantern o'er the restless surge.

Like the great Christopher, it stands
 Upon the brink of the tempestuous wave,
 Wading far out among the rocks and sands,
 The night o'er taken mariner to save.

And the great ships, sail outward and return,
 Bending and bowing o'er the billowy swells,
 And ever joyful as they see it burn
 They wave their silent welcomes and farewells.

They come forth from the darkness, and their sails
 Gleam for a moment only in the blaze,
 And eager faces as the light unveils,
 Gaze at the tower, and vanish while they gaze.

"Sail on" it says, "sail on ye stately ships !
 And with your floating bridge the ocean span,
 Be mine to guard this light from all eclipse,
 Be yours to bring man nearer unto man."

THE ANTS.

A little black ant found a large grain of wheat,
 Too heavy to lift or to roll ;
 So he begged of a neighbour he happen'd to meet,
 To help it down into his hole.

"I've got my own work to look after" said he ;
 "You must shift for yourself, if you please ;"
 So he crawl'd off as selfish, and cross as could be,
 And lay down to sleep at his ease.

Just then a black brother was passing the road,
 And seeing his brother in want,
 Came up and assisted him in with his load,
 For he was a good natured ant.

Let all who this story may happen to hear
 Endeavour to profit by it ;
 For often it happens that children appear
 As cross as the ant, every bit.

And the good natured ant who assisted his brother
 May teach those, who choose to be taught,
 That if little insects are kind to each other,
 Then children most certainly ought.

THE BOY AND THE BUTTERFLIES.

Dancing there in beams of light ;
 Fluttering here o'er flowers bright ;
 Over the garden wall, 'tis lost ;
 Back to the flowers again, 'tis tost ;
 Down the middle, and then to the right,
 Down on the grass—to the boy's delight,
 Now watching its flight, breathless and still,
 Annoyed that it baffles so often his skill ;
 He carefully turns up the cuff of his sleeves,
 While the butterfly mounts from the grass to the leaves ;
 And his cap he makes ready to cover it o'er,
 But the butterfly's gone ! he sees it no more.

But here they come waltzing, one yellow, one white ;
 And again he is watching them out of his sight,
 For they're too much engaged to stay and be caught,
 And the little boy once more is deeply in thought.

Sitting down on the grass, almost ready to cry,
 Another bright butterfly catches his eye ;
 Impatient to seize it, he stumbles and falls,
 And the butterfly darts high over the walls.

Now a beautiful spotted one flies to a tree ;
 'Tis fanning a rose bud just kissed by a bee,
 There ! now it is kissing the cheeks of a rose
 But the jealous old bee disturbs its repose,
 Again it is there yet the boy goes not near,
 For the bee is still scolding—he trembles with fear—
 And turns him away, but soon he espies,
 Two yellow ones dancing high up in the skies ;
 While down at his feet another one goes,
 Just as pretty as that he left on the rose,
 'Tis a prisoner now, and all in a fright !
 'Tis under his cap, shut out from the light !
 And the little boy's heart beats loud and fast,
 For the captive beauty is his at last.
 Then down on his knees the boy bends his head
 To peep if the butterfly's living or dead ;
 He raises his cap a little more still,
 But the butterfly no more is under his will ;
 Away it has bounded, high up in the air,
 Its freedom much sweeter from having been there.
 Then close to his head, down another one sails,
 Like a ship when scudding before the gales,
 But with passion and haste, and a frowning face
 The butterfly gets not a moment of grace ;
 There ! down on the grass lies scattered a rose,
 And the pretty fly's wings are broken with blows ;
 Then, viewing the wreck, he hastes him to where,
 The sweets of the rose do not tell on the air ;
 And silent and sadly he thinks out the day
 He spent with the butterflies over the way.

THE WILD ROSE AND THE CORNFIELD.

The corn was rising day by day
 From the once fallow field ;
 The sustenance of human life
 Lay in its grain concealed ;
 It stood erect as if it knew
 It had a work for man to do,

Soft rains of spring had nourish'd it,
 The summer winds had blown,
 The sun had sent its radiance down,
 As for the corn alone;
 For sun and breeze, and falling shower,
 Were hastening on the harvest hour.

A rose tree from the hedgerow gazed
 Upon the rustling wheat;
 Its buds were fair to look upon,
 Its open'd flowers were sweet;
 White, snowy white, pale pink, and red
 In wavy bowers it bent its head.

The child came near and clapp'd its hands,
 To see the blossoms there;
 The maiden paused, then thought of Him
 Who fashion'd it so fair;
 The poor blind man pass'd by, and cried,
 "How sweet, how sweet this hedgerow side!"

But the rose droop'd, and sadly sigh'd,
 "Alas! my lot how vain!
 The cornfield has a mission given,
 The hungry to sustain.
 What work is mine? what use am I,
 Save but to blossom and to die?"

She did not know that all the while,
 Lives had been cheer'd by her,—
 And hearts to whose necessities
 'Twere joy to minister.
 She did not know what she could teach
 Lessons the cornfield fail'd to reach.

O sick ones! often like the rose
 You mourn your useless lot:
 While work, high blessed work, is yours,
 Although you know it not;
 Unconscious work which all must do,
But none so much as those like you.

Is not the love, and faith, and hope,
 Of those, who near you stand,
 With watching eyes, and open heart
 Committed to your hand?
 Will not the spirit's graces shed
 A perfume round your bed?

And the beauty of a patient life,
 Than wild rose lovelier far,
 Some thoughtful eyes will look upon,
 And follow like a star;
 And by the living pattern given,
 Some hearts be surely won to heaven.

And when the light of heaven shall flash
 Upon the life gone by,
 These hours of sickness, clear and bright,
 Shall stand before the eye,—
 More rich, more fruitful in their store,
 Than years of health which went before.

SUNDAY EVENING.

Welcome the hour of sweet repose,
 The evening of the sabbath day!
 In peace my wearied eyes shall close,
 When I have tuned my vesper lay.
 In humble gratitude to Him
 Who waked the morning's earliest beam.

In such an hour as this how sweet,
 In the calm solitude of even,
 To hold with heaven communion sweet,
 Meet for a spirit bound to heaven;
 And, in this wilderness beneath,
 Pure zephyrs from above to breathe!

It may be that the eternal mind
 Bends sometimes from his throne of bliss,
 Where should we, then, his presence find,
 But in an hour so bless'd as this—
 An hour of calm tranquility,
 Silent, as if to welcome thee?

Yes ! if the Great Invisible,
 Descending from his seat divine,
 May deign upon this earth to dwell—
 Where shall he find a welcome shrine,
 But in the breast of man, that bears
 His image, and his spirit shares ?

Now let the solemn thought pervade
 My soul, and let my heart prepare
 A throne :— come, veil'd in awful shade.
 Spirit of God ! that I may dare
 Hail thee !—nor, like thy prophet, be
 Blinded by thy bright majesty.

Then turn my wandering thoughts within,
 To hold communion, Lord ! with thee ;
 And purified from taint of sin
 And earth's pollutions, let me see
 Thine image : for a moment prove,
 If not thy majesty, thy love—

That love which over all is shed—
 Shed on the worthless as the just ;
 Lighting the stars above our head,
 And waking beauty out of dust ;
 And rolling in its glorious way
 Beyond the farthest comet's ray.

To him alike the living stream,
 And the dull regions of the grave ;
 All watch'd, protected all, by him
 Whose eye can see, whose arm can save,
 In the cold midnight's dangerous gloom,
 Or the dark prison of the tomb.

Thither we hasten—as the sand
 Drops in the hour-glass, never still ;
 So gathered in by death's rude hand,
 The storehouse of the grave we fill ;
 And sleep in peace, as safely kept
 As when on earth we smiled or wept.

What is our duty here?—to tend
 From good to better—thence to best;
 Grateful to drink life's cup,—then bend
 Unmurmuring to our bed of rest,
 To pluck the flowers that round us blow,
 Scattering their fragrance as we go.

And so to live that when the sun
 Of our existence sinks in night,
 Memorials sweet of mercies done
 May shrine our names in memory's light;
 And the bless'd seeds we scatter'd bloom
 A hundredfold beyond the tomb.

THE DWELLING PLACE OF GOD.

There is a world we have not seen,
 That time shall never dare destroy,
 Where mortal footstep hath not been,
 Nor ear hath caught its sounds of joy.

There is a region lovelier far
 Than sages tell, or poets sing;
 Brighter than summer's beauties are,
 And softer than the tints of spring.

It is all holy and serene,
 The land of glory and repose;
 And there, to dim the radiant scene,
 The tear of sorrow never flows.

It is not fann'd by summer gale;
 'Tis not refresh'd by vernal showers;
 It never needs the moonbeam pale,
 For there are known no evening hours.

In vain the philosophic eye
 May seek to view the fair abode,
 Or find it in the curtain'd sky:—
 It is the dwelling-place of God.

THE BEE, THE LILY OF THE VALLEY, AND THE TULIP.

The soft eyed eve, serene and fair,
Was rising from her noon-tide bowers ;
Her breath perfumed the ambient air,
Her tints abash'd the closing flowers.

Sol's latest gleam had tinged the rocks
Sweet Philomel her plaint renews ;
While Venus from her radiant locks,
Sheds, softly sheds the silent dews.

An infant bee, who, at the morn,
First left a tender parent's wing,
Afar his giddy flight had borne
And thoughtless sipped the sweets of spring.

Far from its busy guardian's call,
Now had the little vagrant strayed ;
And, when the dews began to fall
He rested in a distant glade.

And there, as pensive and forlorn,
The hapless rover sat and sighed,
Panting for her he left at morn,
A lily of the vale he spied.

With trembling voice, with suppliant eye,
He begs beneath its leaves to rest ;
The tender floret heard his cry
And thus the wanderer she addressed :

"Welcome beneath my humble shed,
There sleep secure till dawning day ;
And, when night's sable shades are fled,
Safe to the hive pursue your way."

With grateful heart the insect bends
And thanks the hospitable flower,
Whose ample leaf his frame defends,
And shelters from the dewy shower.

But, ah ! not long this sweet repose
 Had he beneath the shade enjoy'd ;
 For near the spot a tulip rose,
 Whose envious glance the charm destroy'd.

"And why" she cried, "poor simple bee,
 Dost thou contented there remain ?
 Why slight the tints that glow in me,
 For those the meanest on the plain ?—

Unmindful that on her you trust
 The passing traveller may tread,
 Lay all her blossoms in the dust,
 And crush you in the fatal bed.

Ah ! waste no more, no more repose
 Those downy limbs in vulgar arms ;
 But, ere the night my petals close
 In me enjoy superior charms."

Deluded by its gaudy hue,
 With glee the fond believing thing,
 To taste the boasted blessings flew,
 And left the fairest child of spring.

Now, sweet luxurious charm his taste
 When from the east began to blow
 A ruder gale, whose boisterous haste
 Soon laid the exulting beauty low.

'Twas on a rivulet's verdant side,
 Queen of the banks the tulip stood ;
 The stream receives its fallen pride,
 While the poor insect stems the flood.

A once, of all his hopes bereft,
 The mossy banks he strives to gain ;
 Mourns that the humble flower he left
 And beats his silken wings in vain.

Shuddering, he sees approaching death ;
 Too late his unavailing sighs ;
 The waters stop his vital breath ;
 And, lo ! the helpless victim dies !

Ye gentle youths, who read this tale,
 Mark well the moral it imparts :—
 Forsake not virtue's peaceful vale,
 For beauty's vain insidious arts."

TWO LITTLE BIRDS.

Two little birds on an evergreen tree,
 Chirping and chattering, who can they be?
 Two little fairies they seem in disguise
 With their gay coloured wings and their rose coloured
 eyes.

Hark, hark ! they are talking, we now shall find out
 If they really are fairies, and what they're about ;
 Says the one to the other, "Sir, how do you do ?"
 "Pretty well I thank you ; but pray who are you ?"

"I am the bird you've heard of so long,
 And that whispers in everyone's ear when they're
 wrong ;"

"And I," says the other aloud sharp and shrill,
 "Am the bird you have heard of called "obstinate will."

Many more listen to me than to you,"
 "Alas !" says the first bird, "and that's but too true,
 For of fools there are many, of wise people few."

KIRKSTALL ABBEY RE-VISITED.

Long years have pass'd since last I stray'd,
 In boyhood through thy roofless aisle,
 And watch'd the mists of eve o'er shade
 Day's latest, loveliest smile ;
 And saw the bright, broad, moving moon
 Sail up the sapphire skies of June.

The air around was breathing balm ;
 The aspen scarcely seem'd to sway ;
 And as a sleeping infant calm,
 The river stream'd away,—
 Devious as error, deep as love
 And blue and bright as heaven above.

Steep'd in a flood of glorious light,
 Type of that hour of deep repose—
 In wan, wild beauty on my sight,
 Thy time worn tower arose,
 Brightening above the wreck of years
 Like faith, amid a world of fears.

Years fast have fled, and now I stand
 Once more by thy deserted fane,
 Nerveless alike in heart and hand;
 How changed by grief and pain,
 Since last I loiter'd here, and deem'd
 Life was the fairy thing it seem'd !

Ay ! thoughts come thronging on my soul,
 Of sunny youth's delightful morn ;
 When free from sorrow's dark control,
 By pining cares unworn,
 Dreaming of fame and fortune's smile,
 I linger'd in thy ruin'd aisle.

How bright is every scene beheld
 In youth and hope's unclouded hours !
 How darkly—youth and hope dispell'd—
 The loveliest prospect lowers !
 Thou wert a splendid vision then ;
 When wilt thou seem so bright again ?

Yet still thy turrets drink the light
 Of summer evening's softest ray,
 And ivy garlands, green and bright,
 Still mantle the decay ;
 And calm and beauteous as of old,
 Thy wandering river glides in gold.

But life's gay morn of ecstasy,
 That made thee seem so more than fair ;
 The aspirations wild and high,
 The soul to nobly dare ;
 Oh ! where are they ? stern ruin say ;
 Thou dost but echo, where are they ?

Farewell! be still to other hearts
 What thou wert long ago to mine;
 And when the blissful dream departs,
 Do thou a beacon shine,—
 To guide the mourner through his tears
 To the bless'd scene of happier years.

Farewell!—I ask no richer boon,
 Than that my parting hour may be
 Bright as the evening skies of June!
 Thus—thus to fade like thee,
 With heavenly faith's soul cheering ray,
 To gild with glory my decay.

JACK FROST.

A mischievous but merry wight
 Came from the north one winter night,
 And pranks performed so very queer
 You'll scarce believe them when you hear.

As o'er the fields he deftly sped
 The grass grew crisp beneath his tread;
 The dew drops as they met his eye
 Shrunk into globules white and dry;
 And to the air where'er he went
 His breath a piercing keenness lent.

A waterfall stood in his way;
 Busy with noise and bright with spray;
 "Ho! brawler" said he, "is it right
 To work and roar at dead of night?
 You must no longer clamour so
 When all besides a slumbering go,"
 He said, and the obedient linn
 Stood still, and hushed its clamorous din;
 And what was water, in a trice
 Stiffened into a sheet of ice.

A dairy farm he reached ; and strange
 It was to mark the instant change ;
 The milk, the butter, and the cream
 Grew solid like the frozen stream ;
 And from the milkmaid's cheek the rose
 Fled with its blushes to her nose.

Next to the town he took his way,
 Which sleeping in the moonlight lay ;
 And though he came and went unseen,
 His feats soon told where he had been.
 The watchmen lounging on their beat
 Took to "quick march" to give them heat ;
 The streets begrimed with mud before
 Grew hard and sheen, as marble floor,
 No pump, or water-pipe, or well
 But felt the mastery of his spell ;
 The very houses he swept through—
 The roofs he powdered with hoar dew,
 And every window pictured o'er
 With forestry grotesque and hoar ;—
 "Ho ! ho !" he said, "I'll let them see,
 None of them all can paint like me."

At last he sought, presumptuous elf !
 To vent his mischief on myself :
 So, feeling certain of his game,
 Into my quiet room he came,
 But, let me tell you Jacky Frost
 Reckoned for once without his host ;
 I sat me there in warm attire
 With shutters closed, and blazing fire ;
 And when he rush'd at me in spite,
 Intent to freeze me and frost bite,
 I thawed his beard, and with a kick
 Despatched him up the chimney quick.

THE EVENING HOUR.

This is the hour when memory wakes
 Visions of joy that could not last ;
 This is the hour when fancy takes
 A survey of the past.

She brings before the pensive mind
 The hallowed scenes of earlier years ;
 And friends who long have been consign'd
 To silence and to tears !

The few we liked—the one we loved—
 A sacred band ! come stealing on ;
 And many a form far hence removed,
 And many a pleasure gone.

Friendships, that now in death are hush'd,
 And young affection's broken chain ;
 And hope, that fate too quickly crush'd,
 In memory live again !

Few watch the fading gleams of day,
 But muse on hopes as quickly flown ;
 Tint after tint, they died away
 Till all at last were gone !

This is the hour when fancy wreathes
 Her spell round joys that could not last ;
 This is the hour when memory breathes
 A sigh to pleasures past.

THE POWER OF GOD.

Thou art, O God ! the life and light
 Of all this wondrous world we see :
 Its glow by day, its smile by night,
 Are but reflections caught from thee ;
 Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are thine.

When day with farewell beam delays,
 Among the opening clouds of even,
 And we can almost think we gaze
 Through golden vistas into heaven.
 Those hues that mark the sun's decline
 So soft, so radiant, Lord ! are thine.

When night with wings of starry gloom
 O'ershadow's all the earth and skies,
 Like some dark beauteous bird, whose plume
 Is sparkling with unnumber'd dyes;
 That sacred gloom, those fires divine
 So grand, so countless, Lord ! are thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,
 Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh,
 And every flower the summer wreathes,
 Is born beneath that kindling eye;
 Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are thine.

THE RAINBOW.

The evening was glorious, and light through the trees
 Play'd the sunshine and rain drops, the birds and the
 breeze ;

The landscape, outstretching in loveliness, lay
 On the lap of the year, in the beauty of May.

For the queen of the spring, as she pass'd down the
 vale,

Left her robe on the trees, and her breath on the gale ;
 And the smile of her promise gave joy to the hours,
 And flush in her footsteps sprang herbage and flowers.

The skies, like a banner in sunset unroll'd,
 O'er the west threw their splendour of azure and gold ;
 But one cloud at a distance grew dense, and increased,
 Till its margin of black touch'd the zenith and east.

We gazed on the scenes, while around us they glow'd,
 When a vision of beauty appear'd on the cloud—
 'Twas not like the sun, as at mid-day we view ;
 Nor the moon, that rolls nightly through star-light and
 blue.

Like a spirit, it came on the van of the storm ;
 And the eye and the heart hail'd its beautiful form,
 For it look'd not severe, like an angel of wrath,
 But its garment of brightness illumed its dark path.

In the hues of its grandeur sublimely it stood,
 O'er the river, the village, the fields, and the wood ;
 And river, fields, village, and woodlands, grew bright,
 As conscious they gave, and afforded delight.

'Twas the bow of Omnipotence, bent in His hand,
 Whose grasp at creation the universe spann'd ;
 'Twas the presence of God, in a symbol sublime,
 His vow from the flood to the exit of time !

Not dreadful,—as when in the whirlwind he pleads,
 When storms are his chariot, and lightning his steeds ;
 The black clouds his banner of vengeance unfurl'd
 And thunder his voice to a guilt stricken world ;

In the breath of his presence when thousands expire,
 And seas boil with fury, and rocks burn with fire ;
 And the sword and the plague-spot with death strew
 the plain,
 And vultures, and wolves dye the graves of the slain.

Not such was the rainbow, that beautiful one,
 Whose arch was refraction, its key-stone the sun,
 A pavilion it seem'd which the deity graced ;
 And justice and mercy met there and embraced.

Awhile, and it sweetly bent over the gloom,
 Like love o'er a death couch, o'er hope, o'er the tomb,
 Then left the dark scene, when it slowly retired,
 As love had just vanished, or hope had expired.

I gazed not alone on that source of my song :—
 To all that beheld it these verses belong ;
 Its presence to all was the path of the Lord !
 Each full heart expanded—grew warm—and adored.

Like a visit—the converse of friends—or a day,
 That bow from my sight pass'd for ever away,
 Like that visit, that converse, that day—to my heart,
 That bow from remembrance can never depart.

'Tis a picture in memory distinctly defined,
 With the strong and imperishing colours of mind ;
 A part of my being beyond my control,
 Beheld on that cloud, and transcribed on my soul.

THE BEACON.

The scene was more beautiful far to my eye,
 Than if day, in its pride, had array'd it ;
 The land-breeze blew mild, and the azure arch'd sky
 Look'd pure as the spirit that made it.

The murmur arose as I silently gazed,
 On the shadowy waves playful motion ;
 From the dim distant isle till the beacon-fire blazed,
 Like a star in the midst of the ocean.

No longer the joy of the sailor boy's breast
 Was heard in his wildly-breathed numbers ;
 The sea-bird has flown to her wave-girdled nest,
 The fisherman sunk to his slumbers.

I sighed as I looked from the hill's gentle slope ;
 All hush'd was the billows' commotion ;
 And I thought that the beacon look'd lovely as hope,
 That star of life's tremulous ocean.

The time is long pass'd, and the scene is afar ;
 Yet when my head rests on its pillow,
 Will memory sometimes rekindle the star
 That blazed on the breast of the billow.

In life's closing hour when the trembling soul flies,
 And death stills the soul's last emotion,
 O then may the seraph of mercy arise,
 Like a star on eternity's ocean.

GOD VISIBLE IN HIS WORKS.

Above—below—where'er I gaze,
 Thy guiding finger, Lord ! I view,
 Traced in the midnight planet's blaze,
 Or glistening in the morning dew ;
 Whate'er is beautiful or fair,
 Is but thine own reflection there.

I hear thee in the stormy wind,
 That turns the ocean-wave to foam ;
 Nor less thy wondrous power I find,
 When summer airs around me roam.
 The tempest and the calm declare
 Thyself, for thou art everywhere.

I find thee in the noon of night,
 And read thy name in every star
 That drinks its splendour from the light
 That flows from mercy's beaming car :
 Thy footstool, Lord ! each starry gem
 Composes not thy diadem.

And when the radiant orb of light
 Hath tipp'd the mountain tops with gold,
 Smote with the blaze, my weary sight
 Shrinks from the wonders I behold ;
 That ray of glory bright and fair
 Is but thy living shadow there.

Thine is the silent noon of night—
 The twilight eve—the dewy morn ;
 Whate'er is beautiful and bright,
 Thine hands have fashioned to adorn ;
 Thy glory walks in every sphere,
 And all things whisper, "God is here !"

UPON LIFE.

Lord ! what is life ? 'tis like a flower,
 That blossoms, and is gone ;
 We see it flourish for an hour,
 With all its beauty on,
 But death comes like a wintry day,
 And cuts the pretty flower away.

Lord ! what is life ? 'tis like the bow
 That glistens in the sky ;
 We love to see its colours glow,
 But while we look, they die.
 Life fails as soon : to day 'tis here ;
 To night, perhaps, 'twill disappear.

Six thousand years have pass'd away
 Since life began at first ;
 And millions once alive and gay,
 Are dead, and in the dust ;
 For life in all its health and pride,
 Has death still waiting at its side.

And yet this short, uncertain space
 So foolishly we prize,
 That heaven—that lasting dwelling-place
 Seems nothing in our eyes !
 The worlds of sorrow and of bliss
 We disregard, compared with this.

Lord ! what is life ? if spent with thee
 In duty, praise, and prayer,
 However short or long it be,
 We need but little care ;
 Because eternity will last,
 When life and death themselves are past.

THE GRAVE OF A CHRISTIAN.

There is a spot—a lovely spot,
 Embosomed in a valley's dell ;
 The eye of splendour marks it not,
 Nor travellers of its beauties tell.

The hazel forms a green bower there ;
 Beneath the grassy covering lies ;
 And forest flowers surpassing fair.
 Mingle their soft and lovely dyes.

Morn decks the spot with many a gem,
 And the first break of eastern ray
 Lights up a spark in each of them
 That seems to hail the opening day.

When first that beam of morning breaks
 The fancy here a smile may see,
 Like that when first the saint awakes
 At dawn of immortality,

The free birds love to seek the shade,
 And here they sing their sweetest lays ;
 Meet requiem !—he who there is laid
 Breathed his last dying voice in praise.

And here the villager will stray,
 What time his daily work is done,
 When evening sheds the western ray
 Of sweet departing summer sun.

On lovely lips his name is found,
 And simple hearts yet hold him dear ;
 The patriarch of the village round,—
 The pastor of the chapel rear.

The holy cautions that he gave,
 The prayers he breathed, the tears he wept,
 Yet linger here, though in his grave,
 Through many a year the saint has slept.

And oft the villager has said :
 "Oh I remember, when a child,
 He placed his hand upon my head,
 And bless'd me then, and sweetly smiled.

'Twas he that led me to my God,
 And taught me to obey his will ;
 The holy path which he has trod
 Oh be it mine to follow still !"

Grave of the righteous ! surely there
 The sweetest bloom of beauty is ;
 Oh may I sleep in couch as fair,
 And with a hope as bright as his !

STANZAS WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT.

'Tis night—and in darkness the visions of youth
 Flit solemn and slow in the eye of the mind ;
 The hope they excited hath perished, and truth
 Laments o'er the wrecks they are leaving behind.
 'Tis midnight—and wide o'er the regions of riot
 Are spread, deep in silence, the wings of repose ;
 And man, soothed from revel, and lull'd into quiet,
 Forgets in his slumbers the weight of his woes.

How gloomy and dim is the scowl of the heaven,
 Whose azure the clouds with their darkness invest !
 Not a star o'er the shadowy concave is given,
 To omen a something like hope to the breast.
 Hark ! how the lone night wind uptosses the forest !
 A downcast regret through the mind slowly steals ;
 But ah ! 'tis the tempest of fortune, that sorest
 The bosom of man in his solitude feels.

Where—where are the spirits in whom was my trust,
 Whose bosoms with mutual affection did burn ?
 Alas ! they have gone to their homes in the dust,
 The grass rustles drearily over their urn ;
 While I in a populous solitude languish,
 'Mid foes that beset me, and friends that are cold ;
 Ah ! the pilgrim of earth oft has felt, in his anguish,
 That the heart may be widow'd before it is old !

Affection can soothe but its votaries an hour,
 Doom'd soon in the flames that it raised to depart;
 And ah! disappointment has poison and power
 To ruffle and sour the most patient of heart.
 Too oft, 'neath the barb pointed arrows of malice,
 Has merit been destined to bear and to bleed;
 And they who of pleasure have emptied the chalice,
 Have found that the dregs were full bitter indeed.

Let the storms of adversity lower; 'tis in vain—
 Though friends should forsake me, and foes should
 combine—
 Such may kindle the breasts of the weak to complain,
 They only can teach resignation to mine.
 For far o'er the regions of doubt and of dreaming,
 The spirit beholds a less perishing span;
 And bright through the tempest the rainbow is
 streaming,
 The sign of forgiveness from heaven to man!

THE WIND IN A FROLIC.

The wind one morning sprang up from sleep
 Saying, "now for a frolic! now for a leap!
 Now for a mad cap galloping chase!
 I'll make a commotion in every place!"

So it swept with a bustle right through a great town,
 Cracking the signs and scattering down,
 Shutters; and whisking, with merciless squalls,
 Old women's bonnets and gingerbread stalls,
 There never was heard such a lustier shout,
 As the apples and oranges trundled about;
 And the urchins that stand with their thievish eyes
 For ever on watch, ran off each with a prize.

Then away to the field it went blust'ring and humming,
 And the cattle all wondered what monster was coming;
 It plucked by the tails the grave matronly cows,
 And tossed the colts' manes all over their brows;
 Till offended at such an unusual salute,
 They all turned their backs and stood sulky and mute.

So on it went capering and playing its pranks,—
 Whistling with reeds on the broad river's banks,
 Puffing the birds as they sat in the spray,
 Or the traveller grave on the king's highway.
 It was not too nice to hustle the bags
 Of the beggar, and flutter his dirty rags ;
 'Twas so bold, that it feared not to play its joke
 With the doctor's wig, or the gentleman's cloak.
 Through the forest it roared, and cried, gaily, "now,
 You sturdy old oaks, I'll make you bow !"
 And it made them bow without more ado,
 Or it cracked their great branches through and through.

Then it rushed like a monster on cottage and farm,
 Striking their dwellers with sudden alarm,
 And they ran out like bees in a midsummer swarm ;
 There were dames with their kerchiefs over their caps
 To see if their poultry were free from mishaps ;
 The turkeys they gobbled, the geese screamed aloud ;
 And the hens crept to roost in a terrified crowd ;
 There was rearing of ladders, and logs were laid on
 Where the thatch from the roof threatened soon to be
 gone.

But the wind had swept on, and had met in a lane
 With a school boy, who panted and struggled in vain ;
 For it tossed him and twirled him, then passed and
 he stood
 With his hat in a pool and his shoes in the mud.

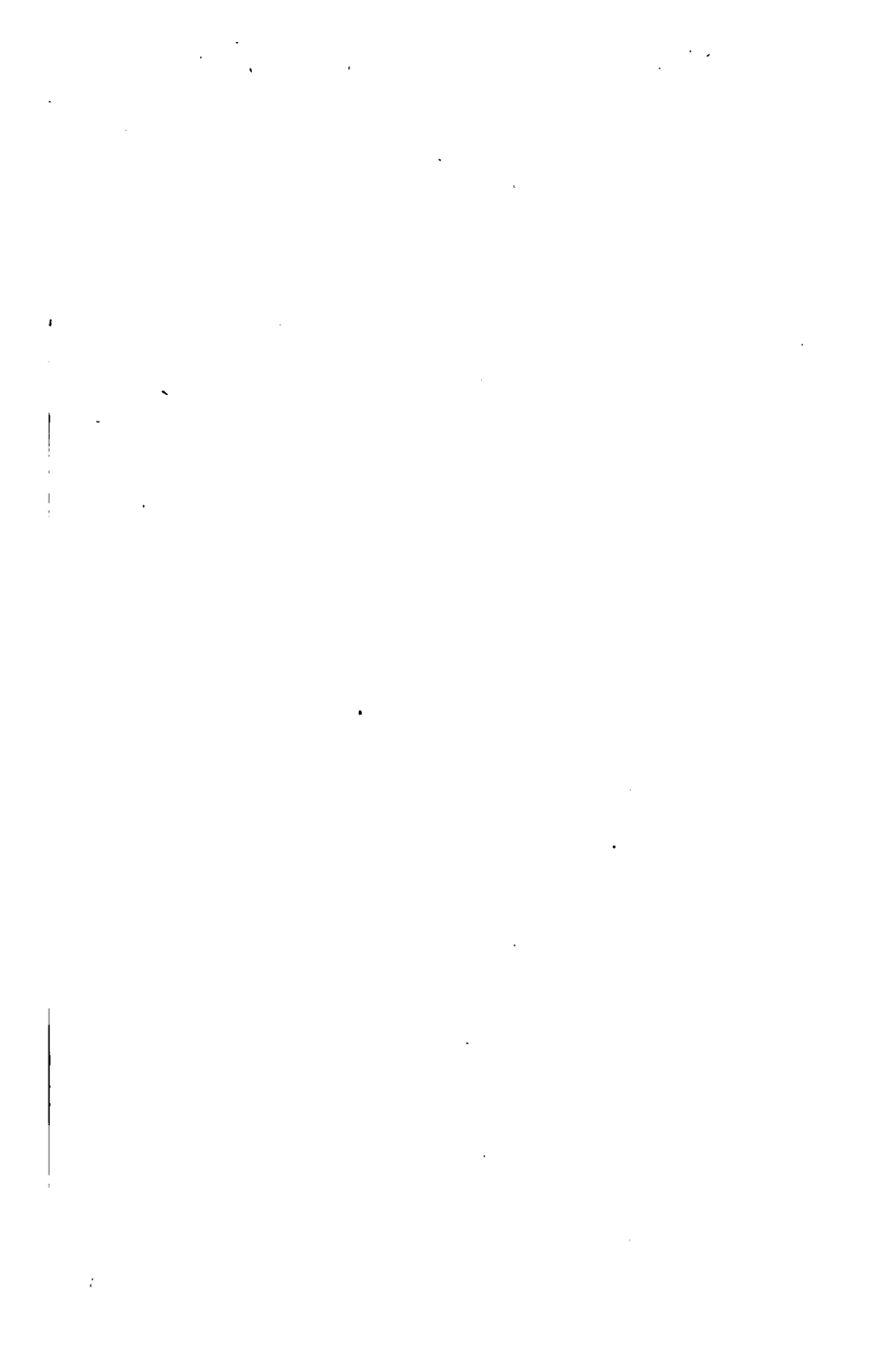
Then away went the wind in its holiday glee,
 And now it was far on the billowy sea ;
 And the lordly ships felt its staggering blow,
 And the little boats darted to and fro—
 But lo ! it was night, and it sank to rest
 On the sea-bird's rock in the gleaming west,
 Laughing to think in its frolicsome fun,
 How little of mischief it had done.

THE HARE HUNT.

A patient from Bedlam not long ago came,
 Who was got pretty well, and grown pretty tame ;
 Was advised to some distance from town to repair,
 In hopes to be mended by good country air.
 He took the advice, to the country he went,
 Where chiefly his mornings in walking he spent ;
 And though he grew better, yet might it be seen
 His whims and vagaries he had now and then.
 One morning, as usual, while walking abroad,
 He heard a most terrible noise near the road ;
 On a hare as he past him, he just cast his eye,
 Not ever once dreaming 'twas she caus'd the cry,
 As onward he walk'd, and the noise nearer drew,
 He soon had dogs, horses, and hunters in view ;
 The sight and the noise were so sudden and strange,
 They made the man start, and his countenance change,
 In short, from the whole of the senses he had
 He could not help thinking the people were mad ;
 And so unto one who followed on foot,
 He stepp'd up in haste, and the question he put—
 "Pray tell me, my friend, what's all this ado ?
 These dogs, men, and horses, pray where will they go ?"
 "Why master, they're going a hunting" he cries.
 "A hunting !" says t'other, quite struck with surprise !
 "A hunting of what, pray to me declare ?"
 "Why, master they're going a hunting a hare."
 "A hare !" says the madman, "what is that I pray ?"
 "Why it pass'd you" said t'other "just now in the way."
 "What that little thing which pass'd by me just there,
 Is that what they're hunting—is that called a hare ?
 And are all these horses, these dogs and these men,
 Employed in pursuing that little thing then ?
 "I wish," says the madman, "they'd take my advice
 And leaving their hunting, get home in a trice ;
 For if that my master should happen this way,
 He'll take them to Bedlam as sure as the day.
 O dear the poor creatures are certainly mad,
 And that not a little—they're all very bad,

I know I myself have had this disease,
But never was I half so mad as are these.
If these are the effects of the fine country air,
I'll go back to Bedlam, we're far better there ;
For though in that house there are scenes of distress,
No madness on earth can be equal to this."
From the whole this remark may on Bedlam be made,
More patients are out, than are in, who are mad.









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